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THE MIDLANDERS

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

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CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Where you came from, dear. Down the river with Old Michigan—and that you haven't even a name except a borrowed one from Lindstrom." He laughed to smooth it over—"Oh, but it's funny! You're a wild hawk, Aurelie. I remember when you used to come into town with Knute to sell rabbits, and the coldest winter day you always had a bit of bright leaf stuck somewhere about you—like an Indian girl! I thought you were at first. Then I forgot all about you and went away to college, and when I next heard you were in high school; and then this year I met you in the hills, here."

"And made me love you, Harlan. Oh, it wasn't right—it wasn't right!" Then, in the way of all men and all lovers, he laughingly kissed and comforted her. They went down a moonlit glen and up a slope, and there the silent town lay, the court house tower white as silver above the robing trees. Sinsinawa was tinkling down from the highlands at their feet, and across it a trail lay to the first street at the foot of the bluff. In a window of a cottage tucked at the foot of the hill they saw the blur of a lamp, and he knew it was Wiley Curran bending over his editorials for the heedless renegade of Rome had a way of turning night into day and writing or wasting hours when decent folk were all abed.

And when it seemed that he was about to leave her at this accustomed trysting place, she clung to him suddenly whispering: "Take me with you—oh, take me with you! I can't let you go—oh, I can't!"

She held so tightly to him that he could not go if he had tried, and after all vain comforting, murmuring to her all he had said a hundred times, she slowly unfolded her arms and looked down at her intently. A sense of her great loneliness without him, without her school, without the bit of aspiration and of vague hope she had come to find, touched him as it had never done before.

There are 7,875 smoke-consuming furnaces in London. Fifty-four different types of apparatus are used in the metropolis.

"Aurelie," he muttered, "I can't do it—you know I can't. I must finish school and buck into work. Before I—I marry you—" he blurted tenderly. "But you ought to have a place—something to do and—be while we're waiting, dear! And I'm going to take you to mother and tell her all!"

She looked up frightened at his stubborn face. "No—no—wait!"

"First I'll tell Wiley Curran. You know that editor? He's my best friend here—the only one I care about particularly in town. And I trust him in things of this sort—he could look at it right and honestly, withmout any foolishness about my family and that kind of thing. Dear, we'll go tell Wiley, and if he says to tell mother and father, we'll do it—and have the whole matter out!" He cried out joyously, brave with the hazard of it. He felt suddenly a man going out to a man's world and work, knowing that he left her with the honor of his faith; and this brave knowledge was worth all the miserable travesties of "good form," the smug and easy conventions of his "set." These were well enough for old women to fiddle over, but they were not for youth, nor love, nor the glory of this first protesting manhood and its surety of the years to come, that future which would achieve all, ennoble all, redeem all.

He saw suddenly her own fine bereavement. She, who gave her whole life to him, as one would place a rose in his hand. She would sit small, passive, alone, waiting for him in the dusk, or in the squalid quarry house; she would wear old and faded gowns when she loved brightness and pleasant things; about her the corn fields would crown the hills green, and turn to bronze shields before the winter; and spring bring again its black damp of the woods—and always she would wait, if he asked her—wait, wait, wait! Always he felt this steadfastness above her impulses and rebellions. With him she might find her real self, rise to any station, become anything, so great he felt her love to be.

"Aurelie, we're not afraid! Why, dear—we ought to have done it long ago! Why, mother—after all, she's the best mother in the world! Why, a word from her would make everything different for you, Aurelie—just to have it known she was your friend." He was taking her on exultantly, now, the trail down through the laurel and boulders which led to the end of the street back of Curran's house. She was frightened; she had never seen him so ardent, so rebellious.

"Tonight!" she cried—"oh, Harlan—my dress!"

"It's a dear little dress!"

Her hand wen to the flower in her hair; she was dumb before his resolution.

"Don't touch it! It's a bit of flame—just like you." He laughed. This was easy! This was what they should have done long ago! All his life had been without secrecy or reproach; and to take his sweetheart by the hand and go down buoyantly to the town to face them all! How easy it was under the witchery of the September moon!

They were both laughing, nervously with happiness, when he lifted her down the last rock among the night-damp leaves and burst through the underbrush tangle to the street, crossing Sinsinawa, looking down in the pools of their reflections. They were coming to the first houses, the lamp in the window, and somewhere the murmur of voices from neighbors visiting on the lawns—his people, kind true people. They should be her people now. This was the beautiful answer he would make to conventions and curious eyes and tongues—to take her by the hand and lead her among them. Love was enough; love was all—and they should see!

They came about the corner of the old News building. On the platform walk a man stood who was staring off so strangely above the sugar trees of the Square that Harlan did not, at first, recognize Wiley Curran himself. Under one arm he had the exchanges from the night's mail; at his feet, in the moonlight, lay an envelope, and in his hand was the key-ring with which he always opened his letters.

Harlan drew his sweetheart on. But not until they were directly before Curran did the latter appear to notice them. Then he stared down at the open letter in his hand and muttered: "The girl's got it—wait till the old town hears that!"

"Wiley?"

"Hello, Harlan," responded Wiley absently. Then his blank eye fell upon Aurelie. He started. "Why, how did you know?"

She looked puzzledly at him. "By George!" the editor roared: "did you hear from 'em?" Then he seized her hand frantically and shook it. "Miss Lindstrom—it's the greatest thing that ever hit the old town!"

She had no idea what he meant. Harlan interposed. "What's the matter, Wiley?"

"Don't you know? Then what the mischief are you bringing her here for?" The editor shook the letter before them. "This?"

"Aurelie? Why we don't know anything you'r talking about? What?"

"Aurelie," went on the editor, "you've won the beauty contest!"

She continued to stare at him. "You got it!" cried Curran. "The Sunday editor of the Chicago Chronicle wrote me this—he wants a column of dope about you. They'll print your picture—the prize winner!"

"Prize winner!" Harlan shouted. "You're crazy! How did the Chronicle get her picture?"

"I sent it to 'em. Last spring when the Chicago paper started this beauty contest, Vawter, the photographer, and I were looking over that bunch of high school pictures—the junior bunch. And we sent three of 'em—just for ducks we entered three of 'em. The Mills girl and Elise Dickinson—and Aurelie's. And Aurelie's won it!"

Harlan stood paleing before him. "Elise—and Aureli! The picture? What picture? I never saw any picture!"

"It was a peach. Sort of Spanish, with lilacs in her hair! Vawter caught something in it that was indescribable." He stared again at Aurelie, hungrily, fascinated, as if seeking the thing that men would call beautiful in her. "Why, girl I never looked at you before—never thought you were so—so—good-looking!"

Harlan tore the letter from his hand and was reading it.

The editor looked at the girl's mute and puzzled face. "The most beautiful girl in the west—that's the way they'll spring it! The syndicate—30 of the biggest papers in the United States—will publish the picture and 20,000,000 people will see it!" He danced up and down. "Aurelie, you little madcap, you'll be the most famous woman in the country!"

Still she looked at her lover expectantly, uncomprehending.

Harlan seemed gasping for breath. Then he crushed the letter and slammed it at the editor's feet. "Aurelie—her picture! You big damned fool, Wiley! Her picture!"

And seizing Aurelie by the hand, he

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CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The Rough Riders in Cuba

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THE regiment assembled at San Antonio. When I reached there, the men, rifles, and horses, which were the essentials, were coming in fast, and the saddles, blankets and the like were also accumulating. Thanks to Wood's exertions, when we reached Tampa we were rather better equipped than most of the regular regiments. We adhered strictly to field equipment, allowing no luxuries or anything else unnecessary, and so we were able to move off the field when ordered, with our own transportation, leaving nothing behind.

I suppose every man tends to brag about his regiment; but it does seem to me that there never was a regiment better worth bragging about than ours. Wood was an exceptional commander, of great power, with a remarkable gift for organization. The rank and file were as fine natural fighting men as ever carried a rifle or rode a horse in any country or any age. We had a number of first-class young fellows from the east, most of them from colleges like Harvard, Yale and Princeton but the great majority of the men were southwesterners, from the then Territories of Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arizona and New Mexico. They were accustomed to the use of firearms, accustomed to taking care of themselves in the open; they were intelligent and self-reliant; they possessed hardihood and endurance and physical prowess; and, above all, they had the fighting edge, the cool and resolute fighting temper. They went into the war with full knowledge, having deliberately counted the cost. In the great majority of cases each man was chiefly anxious to find out what he should do to make the regiment a success. They bought, first and last, about 800 copies of the cavalry drill regulations and studied them industriously. Such men were practically soldiers to start with, in all the essentials. It is small wonder that with them as material to work upon the regiment was raised, armed, equipped, drilled, sent on trains to Tampa, embarked, disembarked, and put through two victorious offensive—not defensive—fights in which a third of the officers and one-fifth of the men were killed or wounded, all within 60 days. It is a good record, and it speaks well for the men of the regiment; and it speaks well for Wood.

ROUGH RIDERS BEFORE SANTIAGO

The Value of Drilling.

Wood was so busy getting the regiment ready that when I reached San Antonio he turned most of the drilling of it over to me. This was a piece of great good fortune for me, and I drilled the men industriously, mounted and unmounted. I had plenty to learn, and the men and the officers even more; but we went at our work with the heartiest good will. We speedily made it evident that there was no room and no mercy for any man who shirked any duty, and we accomplished good results. The fact is that the essentials of drill and work for a cavalry or an infantry regiment are easy to learn, which of course is not true for the artillery or the engineers or for the navy. The reason why it takes so long to turn the average civilized man into a good infantryman or cavalryman is because it takes a long while to teach the average untrained man how to shoot, to ride, to march, to take care of himself in the open, to be alert, resourceful, cool, daring, and resolute, to obey quickly, as well as to be willing, and to fit himself to act on his own responsibility. If he already possesses these qualities, there is very little difficulty in making him a soldier; all the drill that is necessary to enable him to march and to fight is of a simple character. Parade ground and barrack square maneuvers are of no earthly consequence in real war. When men can readily change from line to column, and column to line, can form front in any direction, and assemble and scatter, and can do these things with speed and precision, they have a fairly good grasp of the essentials. When our regiment reached Tampa it could already be handled creditably at fast gaits, and both in mass and extended formations, mounted and dismounted.

The Objective Military Training.

I had served three years in the New York National Guard, finally becoming a captain. This experience was invaluable to me. It enabled me at once to train the men in the simple drill without which they would have been a mob; for although the drill requirements are simple, they are also absolutely indispensable. But if I had believed that my experience in the national guard had taught me all that there was to teach about a soldier's career, it would have been better for me not to have been in it at all. There were in the regiment a number of men who had served in the national guard, and a number of others who had served in the regular army. Some of these later had served in the field in the west under campaign conditions, and were accustomed to long marches, privation, risk, and unexpected emergencies. These men were of the utmost benefit to the regiment. They already knew their profession, and could teach and dhelp the others. But if the men had merely served in a national guard regiment, or in the regular army at some post in a civilized country where he learned nothing except what could be picked up on the parade ground, in the barracks, and in practice marches of a few miles along good roads, then it depended purely upon his own good sense whether he had been helped or hurt by the experience. If he realized that he had learned only five per cent of his profession, that there remained 95 per cent to accomplish before he would be a good soldier, why, he had profited immensely.

To start with five per cent handicap was a very great advantage; and if the man was really a good man, he could not be overtaken. But if the man thought that he had learned all about the profession of a soldier because he had been in the national guard or in the regular army under the conditions I have described, then he was actually of less use than if he had never had any military experience at all. Such a man was apt to think that nicety of alignment, precision in wheeling, and correctness in the manual of arms were the ends of training and the guarantees of good soldiership, and that from guard mounting to sentry duty everything in war was to be done in accordance with what he had learned in peace. As a matter of fact, most of what he had learned was never used at all, and some of it had to be unlearned. The one thing, for instance, that a sentry ought never to do in an actual campaign is to walk up and done a line where he will be conspicuous. His business is to lie down somewhere off a ridge crest where he can see anyone approaching, but where a man approaching cannot see him. As for the ceremonies, during the really hard part of a campaign only the barest essentials are kept.

Text-Book Fighting and the Real Thing.

Almost all of the junior regular officers, and many of the senior regular officers, were fine men. But, through no fault of their own, many of the senior officers had been forced to lead lives that fairly paralyzed their efficiency when the strain of modern war came on them. The routine elderly regular officer who knew nothing whatever of modern war was in most respects nearly as worthless as a raw recruit. The positions and commands prescribed in the text books were made into fetishes by some of these men, and treated as if they were the ends, instead of the not always important means by which the ends were to be achieved. In the Cuban fighting, for instance, it would have been folly for me to have taken my place in the rear of the regiment, the canonical text book position. My business was to be where I could keep most command over the regiment, and, in a rough-and-tumble, scrambling fight in thick jungle, this had to depend upon the course of events, and usually meant that I had to be at the front. I saw in that fighting more than one elderly regimental commander who unwittingly rendered the only service he could render to his regiment by taking up his proper position several hundred yards in the rear when the fighting began; for then the regiment disappeared in the jungle, and for its good fortune the commanding officer never saw it again until long after the fight was over.

After one Cuban fight a lieutenant colonel of the regulars in command of a regiment, who had met with just such an experience and had rejoined us at the front several hours after the close of the fighting, asked me what my men were doing when the fight began. I answered that they were following in trace in column of twos, and that the instant the shooting began I deployed them as skirmishers on both sides of the trail. He answered triumphantly, "You can't deploy men as skirmishers from column formation;" to which I responded, "Well, I did, and, what, is more, if any captain made any difficulty about it, I would have sent him to the rear." My critic was quite correct from the parade ground standpoint. The prescribed orders at that time were to deploy the column first into a line of squads at correct intervals, and then to give an order which, if my memory serves me correctly, ran: "As skirmishers, by the right and left flanks, at six yards, take intervals, march." The order I really gave ran more like this: "Scatter out to the right there, quick, you! scatter to the left! Look alive, look alive!" And they looked alive, and they scattered, and each took advantage of cover, and forward went the line.

Now I do not wish what I have said to be misunderstood. If ever we have a great war, the bulk of our soldiers will not be men who have had any opportunity to train soul and mind and body so as to meet the iron needs of an actual campaign. Long continued and faithful drill will alone put these men in shape to begin to do their duty, and failure to recognize this on the part of the average man will mean laziness and folly and not the possession of efficiency. Moreover, if men have been trained to believe, for instance, that they can "arbitrate questions of vital interest and national honor," if they have been brought up with flabbiness of moral fiber as well as flabbiness of physique, then there will be need of long and laborious and faithful work to give the needed tone to mind and body. But if the men have in them the right stuff, it is not so very difficult.

Getting Food.

At San Antonio we entrained for Tampa. In various sociological books by authors of Continental Europe there are jeremiads as to the way in which service in the great European armies, with their minute and machinelike efficiency and regularity, tends to dwarf the capacity for individual initiative among the officers and men. There is no such danger for any officer or man of a volunteer organization in America when our country, with playful light-heartedness, has pranced into war without making any preparation for it. I know no larger or finer field for the display of an advanced individualism than that which opened before us as we went from San Antonio to Tampa, camped there, and embarked on a transport for Cuba. Nobody ever had any definite information to give us, and whatever information we unearthed on our own account was usually wrong. Each of us had to show an alert and not overscrupulous self-reliance in order to obtain food for his men, provender for his horses, or transportation of any kind for any object. One lesson early impressed on me was that if I wanted anything to eat it was wise to carry it with me; and if any new war should arise, I would earnestly advise the men of every volunteer organization always to proceed upon the belief that their supplies will not turn up, and to take every opportunity of getting food for themselves.

A Problem in Transportation.

Tampa was a scene of the wildest confusion. There were miles of tracks loaded with cars of the contents of which nobody seemed to have any definite knowledge. General Miles, who was supposed to have supervision over everything, and General Shafter, who had charge of the expedition, were both there. But, thanks to the fact that nobody had had any experience in handling even such a small force as ours—about 17,000 men—there was no semblance of order. Wood and I were bound that we should not be left behind when the expedition started. When we were finally informed that it was to leave next morning, we were ordered to go to a certain track to meet a train. We went to the track, but the train never came. Then we were sent to another track to meet another train. Again it never came. However, we found a coal train, of which we took possession, and the conductor, partly under duress and partly in a spirit of friendly helpfulness, took us down to the quay.

All kinds of other organizations, infantry and cavalry, regular and volunteer, were arriving at the quay and wandering around it, and there was no place where we could get any specific information as to what transport we were to have. Finally Wood was told to "get any ship you can get which is not already assigned." He borrowed without leave a small motor boat, and commandeered the transport Yucatan. When asked by the captain what his authority was, he reported that he was acting "by orders of General Shafter," and directed the ship to be brought to the dock. He had already sent me word to be ready, as soon as the ship touched the pier, to put the regiment aboard her. I found that she had already been assigned to a regular regiment, and to another volunteer regiment, and as it was eyident that not more than half of the men assigned to her could possibly get on, I was determined that we should not be among the men left off.

Young and Chaffee.

We were brigaded with the First and Tenth Regular Cavalry, under Brigadier General Sam Young. He was a fine type of the American regular. Like General Chaffee, another of the same type, he had entered the army in the civil war as a private.

General Young had actively superintended getting his two regiments, or at least a squadron of each, off the transports, and late that night he sent us word that he had received permission to move at dawn and strike the Spanish advance position. He directed us to move along a ridge trail with our two squadrons (one squadron having been left at Tampa), while with the two squadrons of regulars, one of the First and one of the Tenth, and his personal supervision, he marched up the valley trail. Accordingly Wood took us along the hill trail early next morning, till we struck the Spaniards and began our fight just as the regulars began the fight in the valley trail.

It was a mountainous country covered with thick jungle, a most confusing country, and I had an awful time trying to get into the fight and trying to do what was right when in it; and all the while I was thinking that I was the only man who did not know what I was about, and that all the others did—whereas, as I found out later, pretty much everybody else was as much in the dark as I was. There was no surprise: we struck the Spaniards exactly where we had expected; then Wood halted us and put us into the fight deliberately and in order. He ordered us to deploy alternately by troops to the right and left of the trail, giving our senior major, Brodie, a West Pointer and as good a soldier as ever wore a uniform, the left wing, while I took the right wing. I was told if possible to connect with the regulars who were on the right. In theory this was excellent, but as the jungle was very dense the first troop that deployed to the right vanished forthwith, and I never saw it again until the fight was over—having a frightful feeling meanwhile that I might be court-martialed for losing it. The next troop deployed to the left under Brodie. Then the third came along, and I started to deploy it to the right as before.

By the time the first platoon had gotten into the jungle I realized that it likewise would disappear unless I kept hold of it. I managed to keep possession of the last platoon. One learns fast in a fight, and I marched this platoon and my next two troops in column through the jungle without any attempt to deploy until we got on the firing line. This sounds simple. But it was not. I did not know when I had gotten on the firing line! I could hear a good deal of firing, some over to my right at a good distance, and the rest to the left and ahead. I pushed on, expecting to strike the enemy somewhere between.

Soon we came to the brink of a deep valley. There was a good deal of cracking of rifles way off in front of us, but as they used smokeless powder we had no idea as to exactly where they were, or who they were shooting at. Then it dawned on us that we were the target. The bullets began to come overhead, making a sound like the ripping of a silk dress, with sometimes a kind of pop; a few of my men fell, and I deployed the rest, making them lie down and get behind trees. Richard Harding Davis was with us, and as we scanned the landscape with our glasses it was he who first pointed out to us some Spaniards in a trench some three-quarters of a mile off. It was difficult to make them out. There were not many of them. However, we finally did make them out, and we could see their conical hats, for the trench was a poor one. We advanced, firing at them, and drove them off.

What to do then I had not an idea. The country in front fell away into a very difficult jungle-filled valley. There was nothing but jungle all around, and if I advanced I was afraid I might get out of touch with everybody and not be going in the right direction. Moreover, as far as I could see, there was now nobody in front who was shooting at us, although some of the men on my left insisted that our own men had fired into us—an allegation which I soon found was almost always made in such a fight, and which in this case was not true. At this moment some of the regulars appeared across the ravine on our right. The first thing they did was to fire a volley at us, but one of our first sergeants went up a tree and waved a guidon at them and they stopped. Firing was still going on to our left, however, and I was never more puzzled to know what to do. I did not wish to take my men out of their position without orders, for fear that I might thereby be leaving a gap if there was a Spanish force which meditated an offensive return. On the other hand, it did not seem to me that I had been doing enough fighting to justify my existence, and there was obviously fighting going on to the left. I remember that I kept thinking of the refrain of the fox-hunting song, "Here's to every friend who struggled to the end;" in the hunting field I had always acted on this theory, and, no matter how discouraging appearances might be, had never stopped trying to get in at the death until the hunt was actually over; and now that there was work, and no play, on hand, I intended to struggle as hard as I knew how not to be left out of any fighting into which I could, with any possible propriety, get.

Our Charge on the Red-Tiled Ranch House.

So I left my men where they were and started off at a trot toward where the firing was, with a couple of orderlies to send back for the men in case that proved advisable. Like most tyros, I was wearing my sword, which in thick jungle now and then got between my legs—from that day on it always went corded in the baggage. I struck the trail, and began to pass occasional dead men. Pretty soon I reached Wood and found, much to my pleasure, that I had done the right thing, for as I came up word was brought to him that Brodie had been shot, and he at once sent me to take charge of the left wing. It was more open country here, and at least I was able to get a glimpse of my own men and exercise some control over them. There was much firing going on, but for the life of me I could not see any Spaniards, and neither could any one else. Finally we made up our minds that they were shooting at us from a set of red-tiled ranch buildings a good way in front, and these I assaulted, finally charging them. Before we came anywhere near, the Spaniards, who, as it proved, really were inside and around them, abandoned them, leaving a few dead men.

By the time I had taken possession of these buildings all firing had ceased everywhere. I had not the faintest idea what had happened; whether the fight was over; or whether this was merely a lull in the fight; or where the Spaniards were; or whether we might be attacked again; or whether we ought ourselves to attack somebody somewhere else. I got my men in order and sent out small parties to explore the ground in front, who returned without finding any foe. (By this time, as a matter of fact, the Spaniards were in full retreat). Meanwhile I was extending my line so as to get into touch with our people on the right. Word was brought to me that Wood had been shot—which fortunately proved not to be true—and as, if this were so, it means that I must take charge of the regiment, I moved over personally to inquire. Soon I learned that he was all right, that the Spaniards had retreated along the main road, and that Colonel Wood and two or three other officers were a short distance away. Before I reached them I encountered a captain of the ninth cavalry, very glum because his troopers had not been up in time to take part in the fight, and he congratulated me—with visible effort!—upon my share in our first victory. I thanked him cordially, not confiding in him that till that moment I myself knew exceeding little about the victory; and proceeded to where Generals Wheeler, Lawton and Chaffee, who had just come up, in company with Wood, were seated on a bank.

FAIRY RINGS AND PIPES

Letter to the Providence Journal.

WE may well believe that in these beautiful autumnal days the fairy folk revel in their chosen haunts. I have always loved the little people, fays, gnomes, cobolds, sprites, of whatever size or form. In childhood I saw them in every flower, asleep in the cool depths or swinging gaily on the stamens. I have known Oberon in his pride; Titania in her grace, attended by Cob-web, Moth and Peas-blossom. I have also loved Undine in her soulless maidenhood and later as the faithful wife. I have, too, rejoiced in the wild tricks of her uncle, Kuhleborn, and the frolics of Rubesahl in the Black Forest or the Harz mountains. In fine, in have loved the Culprit Fay of the Hudson Highlands and have stood in the judgment place where he was sentenced. I have also had pointed out to me in the ravine of Crow's Nest, the "fairies' banqueting table" and seen the lichen-cups from which they feasted.

Even the mystic jungle-folk of the Orient, so different from our little people, have been my friends through a long range of Arabian wonder-workers ending with Peri-bannou.

Do I believe, then, in fairies? How can I do otherwise, when, within a week, I have with my own eyes, seen "fairy wings," or picked up the ruddy pipes left after a moonlight revel? Seeing is believing and I have seen. I have "taken fern-seed and walked invisible." If the little people are not true they should be at least the benevolent varieties.

I have often observed the smaller rings made by certain agarics, but the other day, in a beautiful forest grove, I came upon the finest one in my experience. It must have been at least 20 feet in circumference, and was formed of larger mushrooms than common. They were beautiful, smooth, white "creations," to borrow a term from fashion plates and society reports. By closing my eyes I could easily fancy the moonlight festival of the small folk among these "stools," the minuets, court-quadrilles and tripping gavottes they performed to ravishing music. How I would have loved to catch this record for my Victrola!

Soon after leaving the hallowed circle I came upon the greatest number of red pipes—I saw no white ones on this occasion—that I have ever found. Let us now consider these several phenomena in more prosaic fashion.

First, as to "fairy rings," Prospero in the Tempest invokes the fairies that "By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make . . . and you whose pastime is to make midnight mushrooms."

Scientifically speaking, fairy rings are circles or parts of such, found in the meadows, pastures, or even woods, and produced by various fungi. Some of these are edible and some are not. The inexperienced are warned to try no experiments with any unfamiliar fungi, and to be cautious even with those they think they know. The risk is too awful to contemplate. According to Berkeley, a noted English fungologist, these rings are generated in the following manner:

"A patch of spawn, according to the fashion of many fungi, spreads centrifugally in every direction, and produces a crop at its extreme edge. The soil in the inner part of the disc is exhausted, and the spawn there dies or becomes effete. The crop of fungi meanwhile perishes and supplies a rich manure to the grass, which is in consequence of a vivid green; the parts within the ring, in consequence of former exhaustion, looking dry and parched, and those beyond less luxuriant from comparative want of manure. Thus, year after year, the ring increases in diameter till it attains dimensions of many yards across. If any accident happens to the spawn in the first instance, a part only of the circle may be developed."

Some writers have ascribed these rings to lightning and others to ants, while the poets claim them for the fairies. Thus, Drayton says, the fairies

"In their courses make that round
In meadows and in marshes found,
Of them so called the fayrie ground,
Of which they have the keeping."

Certain superstitions have always been associated in the old country with these rings. Thus, May-dew was gathered by young ladies to heighten their complexion, but they carefully avoided even touching the grass within a fairy ring, lest they should incur the wrath of the guardian fays. In some parts of England to this day the peasants assert that cattle and sheep refuse to browse on the mystic patches against which instinct warns them. At Alnwick, according to Thistleton-Dyer, "was a fairy-ring, round which, if people ran more than nine times, some evil was supposed to befall them."

As to the red pipes I saw on my recent walk, they were a very unusual quantity of the Pinesap or False Beech-drops, Monotropa Hypopytis, usually much less common than Indian pipe or Monotropa uniflora. While somewhat pubescent or downy, they varied in tint from white to fawn color, bright orange and crimson. By the time these American plants have attained as long a history as the rings, no doubt they, too, will have a fairy lore. Indeed, certain poets have already claimed them for their own.

WM. WHITMAN BAILEY.

THE SECRET OF LONESOME COVE

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER XV.

The Turn of the Game.

Night came on in murk and mist. As the clouds gathered thicker, Chester Kent's face took on a more and more satisfied expression. Sedgwick, on the contrary, gloomed sorely at the suspense. Nothing could be elicited from the director of operations, who was, for him, in rather wild spirits. The tennis match seemed to have sweated the megrims out of him. He regaled his chafing friend with anecdotes from his varied career; the comedy of the dynamiter's hair; the tragedy of the thrice fatal telephone message at the Standard Club; the drama of the orchard hunt on Weehawken Heights. From time to time he thrust a hand out of the window. Shortly after midnight there was a splatter of rain on the roof.

"Good!" said Kent, stretching elaborately. "Couldn't be better. Life's a fine sport!"

"Couldn't be worse, I should think," contradicted Sedgwick.

"Depends on the point of view, my boy. No longer can my buoyant spirit support your determined melancholy without extraneous aid. The time has come for action. Be thankful. Get on your coat."

Sedgwick brightened at once. "Right-o!" he said "Get your lamps lighted and I'll be with you."

"No lights. Ours is a deep, dark, desperate, devilish, dime-novel design."

"Ending most likely in the clutch of some night-hawk constable for violation of the highway laws."

"Possibly. We've got to chance it. 'Come into the garden, Maud,'" chanted the scientist.

Sedgwick started. "I thought we were going to motor somewhere. What about the garden?"

"About the garden? Why, somewhere about the garden there must be, I should guess, certain implements which we need in our enterprise." He executed a solemn dance-step upon the floor and warbled:

"'Oh, a pickax and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet!'"

A sudden thought struck cold into the heart of Sedgwick. "Be sensible, can't you?" he exclaimed. "What do you want with a pickax and a spade?"

"My wants are few and small. If you haven't a pick, two spades will do. In fact, they'll be better. I was merely sticking to the text of my Hamlet."

His shoulders slumped, his jaw slackened, and, as his figure warped into the pose of the grave-digger he wheezed out the couplet again. The cold thought froze around Sedgwick's heart. He visioned the wet soil of Annalaka burying ground, heaped above a loose-hasped pine box, within which went forward the unthinkable processes of earth reclaiming its own.

"Good God! Is it that?" he muttered.

The mummer straightened up. "In plain prose, do you possess two spades?" he inquired.

Speechless, Sedgwick went out into the dark, presently returning with the tools. Kent took them out and disposed them in the car.

"Get in," he directed.

"If we had to do this, Kent," said Sedgwick, shuddering in his seat, "why haven't we done it before?"

The other turned on the power. "You're on the wrong track as usual," he remarked. "It couldn't be done before."

"Well, it can't be done now," cried the artist in sudden sharp excitement. "It won't do. Stop the car, Kent."

Kent's voice took an ominously deliberate measure. "Listen," said he, "I am going through with this now—tonight. "If you wish to withdraw——"

"That's enough," growled the artist. "No man alive can say that to me."

The car slowed up. "I beg your pardon, Frank," said Kent. "We're both of us a little on edge tonight. This is no time for misunderstandings. What is on your mind?"

"Just this. Annalaka burying ground is watched. Lawyer Bain said as much. Don't you remember? He told us that the house next door is occupied by an old sleepless asthmatic who spends half her nights in her window overlooking the graves."

The car shot forward again. "Is that all?" asked Kent.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Abe Martin

No matter how well a feller is doin' his wife is allus figurin' on how much more he could save if he'd quit smokin'.

NIAGARA FALLS POWER FOR BUFFALO STREET RAILWAY

The Buffalo Railway Co., one of the earliest large purchasers of power from Niagara Falls, did not rush into the new venture when this power became available, but tried it out on a small scale for a time to supplement the output of a power plant which when built represented the best practice in its line. Since then Niagara power, proving satisfactory as to cost and reliability, has been used increasingly until of late it has become the main reliance of the railway, now the International Railway Co.

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

"Isn't it enough?"

"Hardly. We're not going within miles of Annalaka."

"Then our night's work is not——" Kent could feel his companion's revolt ate the muttered word and supplied it for him.

"Grave robbery? It is."

"Where?"

"In a private burying ground on the Blairs' estate."

"Wilfrid Blair's grave? When was the funeral?"

"This morning. I was among those present, though I don't think my name will be mentioned in the papers."

"Why should you have been there?"

"Oh, set it down to vulgar curiosity," said Kent.

"Probably you'd say the same if I asked you the motive for this present expedition. I suppose you fully appreciate the chance we are taking?"

"Didn't I tell you that it was rather more than a life-and-death risk?"

Something cold touched Sedgwick's hand in the darkness. His fingers closed around a flask. "No, no Dutch courage for me. Where is the place?"

"On Sundayman's Creek, some fourteen miles from the Nook as the motor car flies."

"Fourteen miles," repeated Sedgwick musingly, following a train of thought that suddenly glowed, a beacon-light of hope. "And those Blairs have some connection with the dead woman of the cove, the woman who wore her jewels." His fingers gripped and sank into Kent's hard-fibred arm. "Chet, for the love of heaven tell me! Is she one of these Blairs?"

"No nonsense, Sedgwick," returned the other sternly. "You're to act—yes, and think—under orders till the night's job is done."

There was silence for nearly half an hour, while the car slipped, ghostlike, along the wet roadway. Presently it turned aside and stopped.

"Footwork now," said Kent. "Take the spades and follow.

He himself, leading the way, carried a coil of rope on his shoulders. For what Sedgwick reckoned to be half a mile they wallowed across soaked meadows, until the whisper of rain upon water came to his ears.

"Keep close," directed his guide, and preceded him down a steep bank.

The stream was soon forded. Emerging on the farther side, they scrambled up the other bank into a thicker darkness, where Sedgwick, colliding with a gnarled tree trunk, stood lost and waiting. A tiny bar of light appeared. It swept across huddled and half-obliterated mounds, marked only by the carpet of myrtle—that faithful plant whose mission it is to garland the graves of the forsaken and the forgotten—shone whitely back from the headstone of the old slave-trader, came to a rest upon a fresh garish ridge of earth, all pasty and yellow in the rain, and abruptly died.

"Too dangerous to use the lantern," murmured Kent. "Take the near end and dig."

Delving, even in the most favorable circumstances, is a fairly stern test of wind and muscle. In the pitch blackness, under such nerve-thrilling conditions, it was an ordeal. Both men, fortunately, were in hard training. The heavy soil flew steadily and fast. Soon they were waist deep. Kent, in a low voice, bade his fellow toiler stop.

"Mustn't wear ourselves out at the start," he said. "Take five minutes' rest."

At the end of three minutes, Sedgwick was groping for his spade. "I've got to go on, Chet," he gasped. "The silence and idleness are too much for me."

"It's just as well," assented his commander. "The clouds are breaking, worse luck. And some one might possibly be up and about, in the house. Go to it!"

This time there was no respite until, with a thud which ran up his arm to his heart, Kent's iron struck upon wood. Both men stood, frozen into attitudes of attention. No sound came from the house.

"Easy now," warned Kent, after he judged it safe to continue. "I thought that Jim dug deeper than that. Spade it out gently. And feel for the handles."

"I've got one," whispered Sedgwick.

"Climb out, then, and pass me down the rope."

As Sedgwick gained the earth's level, the moon, sailing from behind a cloud, poured a flood of radiance between the tree trunks. Kent's face, as he raised it from the grave, stretching out his hand for the cord, was ghastly, but his lips smiled encouragement.

"All right! One minute now, and we're safe."

"Safe!" repeated the other. "With that open grave I shall never feel safe again."

From between the earthen walls Kent's voice came muffled. "Safe as a church," he averred, "from the minute that we have the coffin. Take this end of the rope. Got it? Now this one. It's fast, fore and aft. Here I come."

With a leap he clambered out of the excavation. He took one end of the rope from Sedgwick's hand. "All ready to haul?" he inquired in matter-of-fact tones.

"Wait. What are we going to do with this thing?" demanded his colaborer. "We can never get it into the car."

A low chuckle sounded from the shrubbery back of them. The resurrectionists stood, stricken.

"An owl," whispered Sedgwick at length.

"No," replied Kent in the same tone. Then, in full voice, and with vivid urgency, "Haul!"

Up came the heavy casket, bumping and grating. Even through the rope Sedgwick felt, with horror, the tumbling of the helpless, sodden body within. With a powerful effort Kent swung his end up on the mount. The lantern flashed. By its gleam Sedgwick saw Kent striving to force his spade edge under the coffin lid to pry it loose. The chuckle sounded again.

"That's enough," said a heavy voice, with a suggestion of mirthful appreciation.

Sheriff Len Schlager stepped from behind a tree. He held a revolver on Kent. Sedgwick made a swift motion and the muzzle swung accurately on him."

"Steady, Frank," warned Kent anxiously.

"I'm steady enough," returned the other. "What a fool I was not to bring a gun."

"Oh, no," contradicted the scientist. "Of what use is my gun? We're in the light and he is in the shadow."

"So you've got a gun on you, eh?" remarked the sheriff, his chuckle deepening.

"I didn't say so."

"No, but you gave yourself away. Hands up, please, both of you."

Four hands went up in the air. Kent's face, in the light, was very downcast, but from the far corner of his mouth came the faintest ghost of a whistled melody—all in a minor key. It died away on the night air and the musician spoke in rapid French.

"Attention! La ruse gagne. Quand lui donnerai le coup de pied, battez-le a terre."

"What's that gibberish?" demanded Schlager.

"Very well," said Sedgwick quickly, in the tone of one who accepts instructions. I'll be still enough. Go ahead and do the talking."

"Better both keep still," advised the deceived sheriff. "Anything you say can be used against you at the trial. And the penalty for body-snatching is twenty years in this state."

"Yes; but what constitutes body-snatching?" murmured Kent.

"You do, I guess," retorted the humorous sheriff. "Steady with those hands Which pocket, please, professor?"

"Right-hand coat, if you want my money," answered the scientist sullenly.

"Nothing like that," laughed the officer. "Your gun will do, at present."

"I haven't got any gun."

"I hear you say it! Remember, mine is pointed at your stomach."

"Correct place," approved Kent, quietly shifting his weight to his left foot. "It's the seat of human courage. Well!" as Schlager tapped pocket after pocket, without result, "you can't say I didn't warn you. Now, Frank!"

With the word there was a sharp spat as the heel of Kent's heavy boot, flying up in the coup de pied of his own devising, caught the sheriff full on the wrist breaking the bones, and sending the revolver a-spin into the darkness. As instantly Sedgwick struck, swinging full-armed, and Schlager went down, half stunned.

"Pin him, Frank," ordered Kent.

But Sedgwick needed no directions, now that resolute action was the order of the moment. His elbow was already pressed into the sheriff's bull neck. Schlager lay still, moaning a little.

"Good work, my boy," approved Kent, who had retrieved the revolver.

"Who clubbed me?" groaned the fallen man. "I didn't see no third feller. And what good's it going to do you, anyway? There you are and there's the robbed grave. Exaggerated by assault on an officer of the law," he added technically.

"That is right, too, Kent," added Sedgwick with shaking voice. "Whatever we do, I don't see but what we're disgraced and ruined."

"Unless," suggested Kent with mild-toned malice, "we rid ourselves of the only witness to the affair."

A little gasp issued from the thick lips of Len Schlager. But he spoke with courage, and not without a certain dignity. "You got me," he admitted quietly. "If it's killin'—why, I guess it's as good a way to go as any. An officer in the discharge of his duty."

"Not so sure about the duty, Schlager," said Kent with a change of tone. "But your life is safe enough, in any event. Pity you're such a grafter, for you've got your decent points. Let him up, Sedgwick."

Relieved of his assailant's weight, Schlager undertook to rise, set his hand on the ground, and collapsed with a groan.

"Too bad about that wrist," said Kent. "I'll take you back in my car to have it looked after as soon as we've finished here."

"I s'pose you know I'll have to arrest you just the same."

"Don't bluff," retorted the other carelessly. "It wastes time. Steady! Here comes the rest of the party."

Across the moonlit lawn moved briskly the spare, alert figure of the owner of Hedgerow House. His hand grasped a long-barreled pistol. He made straight for the grove of graves. Within five yards of the willows he stopped, because a voice from behind one of them had suggested that he do so.

"I also am armed," the voice added.

Hesitancy flickered in Mr. Blair's face for a brief moment. Then, with set jaw, he came on.

"Two men of courage to deal with in a single night. That's all out of proportion," commented the voice with a slight laugh. "Mr. Blair, I really should dislike shooting you."

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Blair.

"Chester Kent."

"What are you doing on my property at this hour?"

"Digging."

"Ah!" It was hardly an exclamation; rather it was a contained commentary. Mr. Blair had noted the exhumed casket. "You might better have taken my offer," he continued after a pause of some seconds "I think, sir, you have dug the grave of your own career."

"That remains to be seen."

"Schlager! Are you there?"

"Yes, Mr. Blair. They've broken my wrist and got my gun."

Mr. Blair took that under consideration. "It doesn't strike me that you are much of a manhunter," he observed judicially. "Who are they?"

"Francis Sedgwick is the other, at your service," answered the owner of that name.

An extraordinary convulsion of rage distorted the set features of the elderly man.

"You!" he cried. "Haven't you done enough—without this! I would come on now if hell yawned for me."

Stricken with amazement at the hatred in the tone. Sedgwick stood staring. But Kent stepped before the advancing man. "This won't do," he said firmly. "We can't any of us afford killing."

"I can," contradicted Mr. Blair.

"You would gain nothing by it. If one of us is killed the other will finish the task. You know what I am here for, Mr. Blair. I purpose to open that coffin and then go."

"No," said the master of Hedgerow House; and it was 20 years since his "no" had been overborne.

"Yes," returned Chester Kent, quietly.

"If you shoot," pointed out Kent, "you will rouse the house. Is there no one there from whom you wish to conceal that coffin?"

The arm rose higher until the muzzle of the pistol glared, like a baleful lusterless eye, into Kent's face. Instead of making any counter-motion with the sheriff's revolver, the scientist turned on his heel, walked to Sedgwick, and handed him the weapon. "I'm going to open the coffin, Frank," he announced. "That pist.l of Mr. Blair's is a target arm. It has only one shot."

"True," put in its owner, "but I can score one hundred and twenty with it at a hundred yards' range."

"If he should fire, Frank, wing him. And then, whatever happens, get that casket open. That is the one thing you must do—for me and yourself."

"But he may kill you," cried Sedgwick in an agony of apprehension.

"He may; but I think he won't."

"Won't he!" muttered the older man on an indrawn breath. "I'd rather it was the other scoundrel. But either—or both."

Sedgwick stepped to within two paces of him. "Blair," he said with a snarl, "you so much as think with that trigger finger, and your're dead!"

"No, no killing Frank," countermanded Kent. "In his place, you'd perhaps do as he is doing."

"Don't take no chances, Mr. Blair," besought the sheriff. "They're desperate characters. Look what they done to me!"

"There's a testimonial," murmured Kent, as he picked up his spade, "for one who has always worked on the side of law and order.

He worked the blade craftily under the lid and began to pry. The cover gave slightly. Mr. Blair's pistol sank to his side. "I should have shot before warning you," he said bitterly. "Violating graves is, I suppose, your idea of a lawful and orderly proceeding."

The rendering crackle of the hard heavy wood was his answer. Kent stooped, and struggled up bearing a shapeless heavy object in his arms. The object seemed to be swathed in sacking. Kent let it fall to the ground, where it lopped and lay. "All right," said he, with a strong exhalation of relief. "I knew it must be. And yet—well, one never is absolute in certainty. And if I'd been wrong, I think, Frank, we could profitably have used that gun on ourselves. You can drop it, now. Come over here."

Courageous though Sedgwick was, his nerves were of a highly sensitive order. He shuddered back. "I don't believe I can do it, Chet!"

"You must. As a witness. Come! Brace up!"

Setting the bull's eye lantern down, Kent produced a pocket knife. Sedgwick drew a long breath, and walking over, croached, steeling his nerves against the revelation that should come when the cords should be cut and the swathings reveal their contents. "If I keel over, don't let me tumble into the grave," he said simply, and choked the last word off from becoming a cry of horror as he beheld his friend drive the knife blade to the hilt in the body, and then whip it across and downward with a long ripping draw under which the harsh cloth sang hideously.

"Open your eyes! Look! Look!" cried Kent heartily.

A strong trickle of sand flowed out of the rent in the sack and spread upon the ground.

"That is all," said Kent.

Relief clamored within Sedgwick for expression. He began to laugh in short choking spasms.

"Quiet!" warned Mr. Blair in a broken tone of appeal. You've found out the secret. God knows what you'll do with it. But there are innocent people in the house. I see a light stirring there now. We—I must do what I may to shelter them."

"Now," said he, "what is this matter? Blackmail?"

Kent's face withdrew, as it were, behind his inscrutable half smile. "Peace, if you will," said he. "A truce, at least."

"I should like to know just how much you know."

"An offer. I will tell you whenever you are ready to tell me all that you know. I think we are mutually in need of each other."

"I wish you were at the bottom of that pit," retorted the other grimly. "You and your scoundrel of a friend with you."

"Thank you for myself," said Sedgwick. "If you were twenty years younger I would break every bone in your body for that."

"Steady, Frank," put in Kent. "Judge no man by his speech who has been through what Alexandedr Blair has been through tonight. Mr. Blair," he added, "you've refused my offer. It is still open. And as an extra, I will unertake, for Mr. Sedgwick and myself, that this night's affair shall be kept secret. And now, the next thing is to cover the evidence. Spades, Frank."

The two men took up their tools.

"I'll spell you," said Alexander Blair.

While the sheriff, mourning softly over his fractured wrist, sat watching the house in case of alarm, the scientist, the painter, and the trust magnate, sweating amid the nameless graves, hurriedly reinterred the sack of clean sand which bore the name of Wilfrid Blair.

"And now," said Chester Kent, petting his blistered palms, as the last shovelful of dirt was tamped down, "I'll take you back with me, Mr. Sheriff, to Sedgwick's place, and do the best I can for you till morning. About six o'clock we'll find you unconscious below the cliffs where you fell in the darkness. Eh?"

Despite his pain the sheriff grinned. "I guess that's as good as the next lie," he acquiesced. "You fight fair, Professor."

"Then answer me a fair question. What were you doing at Hedgerow House tonight?"

"Why, you see," drawled the official, "I saw you fishin' that stream, and it come to my mind that you was castin' around for more than trout that wasn't there. But I didn't hardly think you'd come so soon, and I was asleep when the noise of the spade on the coffin woke me."

"Bad work and clumsy," commented Kent with a scowl. "Come along. My car will carry three. Sedgwick can sit on the floor. Good night, Mr. Blair. All aboard, Frank."

There was no answer.

"What became of Sedgwick?" demanded Kent.

"He was here half a minute ago; I'll swear to that," muttered the sheriff.

Kent stared anxiously about him. "Frank! Frank!" he called half under his breath.

"Not too loud," besought Alexander Blair.

The clouds closed over the moon. Somewhere in the open a twig crackled. Sedgwick had disappeared.

(To Be Continued.)

REVIVED

Old-Time Health, Eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had been sick for 10 years with dyspepsia and a lot of complications," wrote an Ark. woman.

"An operation was advised, change of climate was suggested, but no one seemed to know just what was the matter. I was in bed three days in the week and got so thin I weighed only 89 lbs. No food seemed to agree with me.

"I told my husband I was going to try some kind of predigested food to see if I could keep from this feeling of continued hunger.

"Grape-Nuts and cream was the food I got and nothing has seemed to satisfy me like it. I never feel hungry, but have a natural appetite. Have had no nervous spells since I began this food, and have taken no medicine.

"I have gained so much strength that I now do all my housework and feel well and strong. My weight has increased 8 lbs. in 8 weeks and I shall always eat Grape-Nuts, as it is far pleasanter than taking medicines." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

Keeping Colt and Cows Together.

It will do no harm to winter a weanling colt and cows in the same stable, but the colt must be in a healthy condition and the cows must be dehorned. It is also better to have a separate stall for the colt during feeding hours. Have plenty of hay in the rack at least twice a day and as for grain, give one to three pints of wheat bran mixed with three pints of oats morning and evening.—E., Palmyra, Ohio.

It will harm neither colt nor cows to stable together, but it is not wise to allow them to run together. Feed colt mixed clover and timothy, hay, corn and oats.—B., Carsonville, Mich.

Hollow Horn.

There are no such diseases as hollow horn or wolf in the tail, consequently no cure for them. If there is anything the matter with the cattle of S., Long, W. Va., let him give full particulars.—B., Carsonville, Mich.

Fall Plowing and Fertility.

Plowing early in the fall liberates more plant food for the spring crop and conserves more moisture. By loosening the surface soil, thus allowing the air to penetrate, the soil particles which contain phosphorus, potassium, and lime are caused to oxidize, which sets free these elements for the plant. The soil compounds originally are very complex and are practically of no benefit to the crop until they are acted upon by the air, the solutions in the soil, and plant juices, so as to decompose them and make them much simpler. Fall plowing has a tendency to let the rains percolate into the soil better, which tends to dissolve and break up the compounds for the use of the spring crop.

Bacteria, which are found in the soil in countless numbers, generally work better where oxygen from the air is readily available, and these in turn break up the organic matter of the soil into simpler compounds, liberating nitrates or nitrogen food for the plant. This is one of the most essential elements for the early growth of the plant. It is often noticed that spring plowing will not cause crops to lodge so badly as fall plowing. This is explained by nitrogen being set free to a larger extent in the loose, porus, fall-plowed than in the more compact soil.

The moisture problem is also a valuable one from the standpoint of productiveness of the soil. As stated above, by opening up the soil the fall rains percolate much more rapidly into the soil, while there is a mulch formed on the surface which tends to prevent the water from the subsoil going directly to the surface and being evaporated. Early fall plowing makes a reservoir of the subsoil, storing the water for the crop in the spring. Often where the ground is a little rolling, the water will run off before it has time to soak in when the soil is compact and hard. Those who have practiced summer fallowing know that it increases chances for a good yield the following season, and this is largely due to the liberation of plant food in the soil and conservation of moisture. Fall plowing is very similar, only the soil has not quite so long to bring about these changes as the case of summer fallowing. Where possible it is nearly always advisable to plow as early in the fall as possible.

POULTRY

Poultry Remedies.

The three standard remedies for colds are—quinine, aconite and kerosene. The throat is so tender in colds that bread and milk, warm mashes and table scraps are about all that fowls can swallow. A little ginger or pepper in the mashes is helpful. When the ailing fowl has a great thirst, it is an indication that fever exists. A few drops of aconite in the drinking water will very much assist.

A French naturalist says that the use of pounded garlic with the usual food has been made to completely eradicate the gapes among the pheasants in Europe. For a soft crop nothing is better than a gill of strong vinegar in a quart of drinking water.

When rice is being fed to cure diarrhoea, it should be boiled to a gummy mass and fed by itself for a few days. When refuse rice can be purchased cheaply enough for a regular ration, it should be fed with twice its bulk of bran and a little cornmeal or gluten meal.

It is well to know that what would be the dose for a child would be about right for a fowl. A two weeks' old chick will need as much medicine in a day as a six months' old child. At six weeks it would require the same sized dose as would be given a year old child; a half grown fowl as much as a two-year old child, and an adult bird as much as a four-year-old child.

Tact With Poultry.

One great secret of successful poultry raising lies with one's ability to keep the fowls satisfied. A belated meal, a frozen drinking fountain, a stranger waving his arms about the coop, a hurried trip to the nests, a stray dog running through the yards or an abrupt change in food are each and all to be avoided, if possible. The Leghorn hen—and all others in a measure—thrive best if not surprised or hurried. Little boys and girls with blazing pinafores and loud voices have no business in the dairy barn or the poultry yard. An extra helping of chopped bone or a fresh batch of clover chaff to scratch in, given to them quietly so as not to create a flutter, will help to pass the dreary days satisfactorily.

If hurry and worry are harmful to the laying hen, what can we say of the hen with chicks? Not even the approach of a thunderstorm will excuse one for hurrying with the brood. Once fluster the mother and your chances of getting the youngsters under cover is reduced to the minimum, for they will scatter in 40 directions. Quietly and tactfully coax the mother hen into the coop with feed and she will call each wandering chick home. But once she is flurried you can do but little until her nerves are quieted. I have seen a man and big boy shout, shoo, wave arms and chase to and fro in vain, while a tactful little woman with a handful of crumbs and a few sensible turns of her sunbonnet would bring a brood into shelter.

Turkeys are still more sensitive to hurry, but can be controlled by quietness and gentleness, and are very sensible fowls after all. In their care, after the poults are partly grown, it is better if they are with the turkey hen to feed them well. If you see a shower coming, let them stay under the mother's broad wings during the daytime, rather than to try and rush them into coops. Has any one who kept their turkeys well dusted with insect powder and free from head lice had a case of blackhead? There are no fowls so harmed by the different kinds of lice as the turkey.

Fall Work.

Fall is probably one of the most important seasons in the whole year in the poultryman's calendar. It is then that the final work is taken up in preparation for winter and a checking up on the work accomplished during the summer.

Many people make the mistake of selling off the majority of their chickens at this time. The high price paid at the beginning of the holiday season is often the siren that causes the ruin of many a healthy farm flock. People seem to think that the largest fowls are the ones to sell, as they will bring a few more pennies into the family purse. But this is a badly mistaken idea. The very pullet or cockerel you should keep for the future welfare of the farm flock is the large, healthy youngster that you are tempted to dispose of to the local butcher or commission man.

A little thought cannot fail to show that the earliest maturing fowl is the strongest and the most desirable to retain. Those that are stunted and slow to mature are the ones to sell the butcher. They are the ones that cost you the most to keep and that render you the smallest return for the time and money expended upon them. Sell them and keep the big, husky ones to make the dollars for you.

The fall should be the greatest cleaning up period of the whole year. A good, thorough cleaning will do much to offset the drawbacks of the winter season and will increase your chances of adding a good, substantial profit to the poultry balance at the end of the year.

If your houses are without wooden or concrete floors do not fail to make some provision to take care of this matter before the winter season sets in. Also gather plenay of good straw to be used for litter.

Cholera.

Cholera, though not a very common disease, may kill off the entire flock in the course of one week. It may affect all kinds of poultry. It is characterized by a general disorder of the digestive system, as indicated by diarrhoea and yellowish discharge. The bird presents a dull, lifeless appearance with a strong craving for water. The comb is pale and the crop is unusually distended with food. Diseased birds rapidly lose in weight and may die in a day or two, or the disease may assume a chronic form and extend for a few weeks. The liver is usually considerably enlarged, and the entire alimentary canal may be inflamed. It may be introduced by buying affected birds, or it may be due to unsanitary conditions in and around the poultry house. The use of sulphur, capsicum, copperas, alum, either together or alone, are recommended, but generally strict precautions regarding the sanitary conditions will be the first steps necessary to prevent the spread of the disease.

THE ORCHARD

The Farm Orchard.

The orchard site should be on high, clay ground if possible as the trees will last much longer than if set in black loam or poorly drained soil. The ground should be broken deep early in the fall and the trees carefully set out in rows about two rods apart. A great deal of importance should be attached to the source of the young trees, as a large number of disappointments have resulted from trees which have not come true to variety. The safest way is to buy direct from a reliable nurseryman and insist that he give your order the careful attention that it deserves. In selecting the varieties, the aim should be to have one tree bearing at all times through the summer and as many winter apples as are needed. A good selection should include one Yellow Transparent, one Eearly Harvest, one Wealthy, one Maiden's Blush, several Grime's Golden and as many of the following as are needed or desired: White Pippin, Pewaukee, Vandever, Stark, Rhode Island Greening, Johnathan, Salome, Genet or any other of the tried varieties of winter apples.

To set out a small orchard requires but little time, but the value of the fruit in adding to the variety of the diet is difficult to overestimate and sufficient to repay all the outlay.

While it is unlikely that commercial apple orchards will ever be extensively established on land highly adapted to corn and grain growing, every farmer should plan to have a few trees of select apples for the use of his own family. The amount of satisfaction derived from a small number of trees cannot be measured in dollars and cents as the fruit is made available at times of the year and in quantities in which it probably would not be purchased. A dozen good trees will produce much enjoyment without a noticeable expenditure of time or money.

Planting Peach Seeds.

The seeds should be planted in the fall before they become dry, as the drying will tend to destroy the viability. The ground where they are planted should be well drained and preferably of a sandy nature. The freezing and thawing of winter will tend to crack the hard shells and allow the germ to sprout. We have very successfully grown seedling peach trees in the garden by planting in the fall. After the seedlings have come up they may be either transplanted or left growing where they are budding should be done the first season.

LIVE STOCK

Starting to Feed the Steers.

When the most of the feeding value of grass is done with and the farmer brings his steers home to the feed lot he has a delicate feeding task on hand; viz., to get the animals started on the grain ration without several head becoming stuck. When a steer gets stuck on grain it takes some time for him to get back to full feed again.

Undoubtedly the handiest way to feed steers is to let them eat alfalfa hay right from the hay barn. One of the most successful feeders in Kansas practices this method. He also has a granary attached to one end of the hay barn. He has an elevator to transfer the grain to the feed mangers, which are near at hand. This elevator, or rather grain carrier, works on a cable.

When enough steers are fed to warrant the expense it is advisable to have a power grinder driven by an engine. There is no doubt but that all animals do better when fed ground corn instead of the whole grain.

The steers should be fed a balanced ration. They should have a little molasses cake, etc., along with the ground corn and alfalfa hay. Steers in the feed corral should always have plenty of alfalfa hay or other roughness. It is well to remember that during the early fall the animals drink lots of water. It is well to have an extra tank or reservoir full on hand in case something happens to the pump. Never attempt to over-gorge a steer; especially at first. Lead up to full feed gradually, increasing the amount of grain day by day.

Sheep Measle Parasite.

The sheep measle parasite has recently been found to be of common occurrence in the United States. It is of importance not only because of its more or less injurious effects upon sheep, but also because of its location in the parts of the body used for human food, namely the muscles. The bureau of animal industry reports that the parasite is the intermediate stage of the dog tapeworm, and sheep become infected as a result of swallowing the eggs which are scattered over the pasture in the excrement of dogs harboring tapeworms. Dogs in turn acquire the tapeworm as a result of eating the carcasses of infested sheep. This is another indication that it is hard to raise dogs and sheep together.

Worms in Horses.

Horses have different kinds of worms inhabiting different parts of the intestines and requiring somewhat different treatments. There is no one specific or best treatment for worms. It is a good plan to keep a mixture of equal parts of salt and sifted hardwood ashes constantly before horses.

For the white worms, six to 12 inches long, and other common worms living free in the intestines, try the following treatment: First give a mild physic, such as a pint to a quart of raw linseed oil. Feed little or no hay for three days. On the fourth day give two to three ounces, that is, from five to seven tablespoonfuls, of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil. Repeat the same dose of turpentine and linseed oil on the fifth day, and repeat the whole process beginning on the 15th day from the start.

This dose is for a thousand-pound horse and should be given about in proportion to weight. Judgment should be used concerning the condition and strength of the horse and how easily any particular horse is affected by cathartic medicines. Never give a severe physic to any horse that is thin and weak.

THE DAIRY

Large and Small Cows.

It has been a disputed point among many dairymen as to whether large or small cows are the more profitable. Because a large cow will often give more milk than a small one, the general assumption is that the former is the more profitable for the farmer to keep. But a knowledge alone of what a cow produces will not show how profitable she is. One must find out the cost of production, or in other words what it costs to feed and care for the cow. The Wisconsin experiment station has been investigating the profitableness of cows, and particularly large and small cows. Some of the results of this investigation are of interest in throwing some light upon the merits of the large and small cow as profitable producers. They show that cows under 900 pounds in weight gave more than a gross return of $54 or $20 each more than the cost of feed. Cows from 1,000 to 1,100 pounds in weight gave a gross return of $56.28, and those over 1,400 pounds each, a gross return of $88.01. The conclusion reached is as follows: "Large animals of any breed are much more economical of labor and barn room and usually give as much or more milk for food ration." The reference here to barn room and labor means that large cows can be cared for more economically than small cows, not that one large cow can be handled cheaper than a small cow, but they say five large cows that give the same amount of milk as say six small cows, can be handled more economically.

Corn for Ensilage.

It is an irreparable blunder to fill the silo with corn that is not properly matured. In times past the use of ensilage of this kind has disgusted men with the whole silo proposition. In the first place such silage does not have the greatest feeding value as that made from mature corn and in the second place it is apt to throw stock completely out of condition.

Corn contains the highest percentage of nutrients when it has reached a point where it can be said to be matured. This does not mean that it is ready for cribbing, but it does mean that the grain and leaves must be turning yellow. If the fodder is allowed to get too dry the ensilage will not be sufficiently heavy to pack and that is why the crop should be cut after the grain has become dented, but before the upper and middle leaves are wilted. Rather than make the mistake of putting up corn that is immature one had better use water while filling the silo with fodder that has become somewhat dried out.

We caution those who are putting up ensilage for the first time especially to guard against the storing of the crop while it is in a condition to develop too large a proportion of organic acids.

When to Churn.

Before attempting to churn cream it is better to let it sour till it tastes about as ordinary butter. This supplies more acid than is in sweet cream, which aids in breaking up the butter fat globules, causing all the butter to be extracted. If the cream is slow in souring, set it near the stove and stir frequently till the warmth turns it to the proper flavor for easy churning and good butter.

When the cream froths in churning it is too cold, a very common error. In all such cases do not try to warm it by adding hot water or setting it over a fire, but secure a good sized vessel—tub, large pail or boiler—fill it with water as warm as the hand can bear, set the churn in it, and let the temperature of the cream rise till it stops frothing and remove the churn from the water and continue churning. Adding hot water to warm the cream scalds and injures the butter particles till much of the butter will be lost, and gives that which is secured a sickly whitish color, it being soft, greasy and of very inferior grade.

THE GARDEN

Greenhouse Cucumbers.

Greenhouses intended for cucumbers should have sufficient height to permit training the plants to a height of at least six feet. It is customary in building houses for this purpose to provide for a space of six feet and a half from the ground to the eaves at the sides of the house. There should be abundant ventilation at the ridge, and many growers prefer to place a line of ventilation along one or both sides of the house.

The White Spine cucumber is the most popular for forcing in the United States. Various strains of this variety have been developed. In some sections we have the Rawson hothouse cucumber, which is used almost exclusively in the vicinity of Boston. Davis Perfect is also popular in certain sections. This is a longer cucumber and preferred by some of the growers. A New York gardener has developed a strain resulting from crossing the White Spine with the Telegraph, the latter being an English variety. The cross is exceedingly prolific and is used almost entirely in the Irondequoit district, which furnishes cucumbers for the Rochester market.

Japanese Anemone.

A plant which illuminates the perennial border of the shrubbery with a profusion of cheery pink and white blossoms during September and October, usually coming in quick succession after the China asters, supplies a need. Such a species is the Japanese anemone, or wind flower, which has proved to be reliably hardy in the latitude of Wooster, O., if given a light mulching, although it sometimes freezes out if located in exposed situations and allowed to go into winter unprotected.

For grouping and massing in permanent plantings, this anemone furnishes a note of color greatly to be desired at a time of scarcity in flowering plants while it has few rivals as a source of cutting material. The single and semi-double blossoms borne gracefully on long slender stems are singularly effective for filling vases. Of a list of probably a dozen named varieties two of the most satisfactory are "Whirlwind," a semi-double pure white, and "Queen Charlottes," also semi-double, with large clear, silvery pink blooms.

Saving Popcorn.

But few persons understand just why popcorn pops. It is due to the composition of the grain, and the manner in which the grain ripens. There is a right and a wrong way in saving popcorn as well as in doing everything else.

Popcorn should be permitted to thoroughly ripen on the stalk. It is best to pull the ears off, husk and all, and keep in a well aired place where dampness is ot apt to reach the corn.

Popcorn may be too dry or too damp to pop good, but the best results are obtained from corn that has been allowed to thoroughly ripen before it is pulled.

The larger eared sorts are the most difficult to cure. Rice popcorn matures quite early, and it cures readily and is an excellent variety to pop freely.

Opportunities of interest to you Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS

Fruit trees respond as definitely to cultivation as do garden and farm crops, and while young they should be cultivated with as much care as any other crop.

Kiln-dried alfalfa is the latest proposition. Alfalfa makes a rank growth and is difficult to cure properly under weather conditions here in the east. It is said that government experts will endeavor to overcome this difficulty by curing the hay by erecting an alfalfa kiln on a Pennsylvania farm for experiment.

Let the bees form your acquaintance. Let them alight on you at will. Never attempt to brush them off. They will do you no harm as long as you are gentle, slow in movement and keep out of the line of flight. Never use perfume on the clothing that you wear near the hive.

Look to the future when you buy a telephone

Don't put price before quality when you invest in this important farm tool. You are buying for tomorrow and the next day and the next, for years to come.

A cheap instrument that works only in good weather is likely to fail in an emergency when you need it most.

***Western Electric* Rural Telephones**

are of time-proven reliability. For thirty years they have served millions of users faithfully, at all times, in every weather. It's a *real* satisfaction to have a dependable telephone like that in the house.

Is there any reason why your telephone service shouldn't be just as good as any? If it isn't, let us help you make it so. A postcard will put you in touch with us.

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Manufacturers of the 7,500,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York	Atlanta	Chicago	St. Louis	Kansas City	Denver	San Francisco
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Boston	Cincinnati	Cleveland	St. Paul	Houston	Los Angeles	Portland

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All standard makes, high-grade guaranteed guns at prices to suit purse you. Don't ask us to explain our extraordinary prices. Order any gun in our Special Offer. Catalog at our risk. Your money and freight charges promptly refunded if you are not satisfied. WRITE AT ONCE for this wonderful Catalog. Don't miss these offers. They will please you. W. & H. Walker, 4727 Herr's Island, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Winter Is Coming and FURS

Will soon be prime. Make up your mind at once to sell in the best market. Send for price list and tags.

M. F. PFAELZER & CO., 119 W. 29th St. (Desk S) NEW YORK CITY.

Barbed Wire Sale!

From Recent Floods

Over 300 carloads of high grade, brand new galvanized barb wire—the best made. Was in the recent Ohio and Indiana floods, but not damaged in any way except by mud, which does not affect the quality in the least. It is put up regularly, the same as every dealer offers it for sale.

This opportunity is so unusual that it is wonderful even for us—and we are on the lookout for unusual buying opportunities every work day of the year! Think then of what it means to YOU to be able to buy first class, servicable barbed wire at such smashingly low prices as we are here quoting. Only a disaster such as the recent floods which overwhelmed Ohio and Indiana could have thrown such a vast quantity of brand new, never used, barbed wire to the mercy of the elements. Don't miss this chance. These 300 car loads seem a big lot but we could quickly dispose of ten times that amount at these prices. So act now! Orders filled in rotation.

Biggest Sale on Record

Lot 2-BE-1—$1.24 Per Reel
10,000 reels, 80 rods to the reel. Light weight, made of No. 14 galv. wires, with No. 15 barbs, weighs about 55 lbs. to the reel, cattle and hog—that is, with barbs 3 ins. and 6 ins. apart, 2 point. More or less muddy; sold "as is." No orders filled at this price for more than 20 reels.

Lot 2-BE-2 Per Reel $1.65 HIGH GRADE GLIDDEN
Special lot high grade glidden 2 and 4 point galvanized barb wire; reels contain exactly 80 rods; comes in both cattle and hog, that is barbs 3 ins. and 5 ins. apart; slightly damaged by mud in the flood—nothing else the matter with it. Sold "as is." Heavy weight about 85 lbs. to reel.
2-point cattle, per reel, 80 rods..... $1.65
2-point hog, per reel, 80 rods..... 1.70
4-point cattle, per reel, 80 rods..... 1.80
4-point hog, per reel, 80 rods..... 1.85

Lot 2-BE-3—$2.00 Per 100 lbs.
One special lot of galvanized 2 and 4 point cattle and hog barb wire, put up on reels that is reels contain anywhere from 96 to 115 lbs.; slightly mud damaged. Sold "as is." In lots of 1000 lbs. or less, per 100 lbs. $2.05. In larger quantities per 100 lbs. $2.00.

Wire Nails $1.28 Per Keg
Lot 2-BE-4—Special sale 10,000 kegs brand new wire nails, mixed, all kinds in keg; assortment not guaranteed, ranging anywhere from 3 to 20 penny; weight sold "as is"; a dirty job for sale only; price per keg $1.28. Galvanized 6 d. regular nails, per 100 lbs. $2.10. 8d., 10 d., $2.00. $2.05.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co.
Prominently

RED LARGE PIMPLES ALL OVER FACE

Festered and Came to Head. Scratching Made Sores. Caused Disfigurement. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Face Now Clear.

1413 E. Genessee Ave., Saginaw, Mich. — "Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me of a very bad disease of the face without leaving a scar. Pimples broke out all over my face, red and large. They festered and came to a head. They itched and burned and caused me to scratch them and make sores. They said they were seed warts. At night I was restless from itching. When the barber would shave me my face would feed terribly. Then scabs would form afterwards, then they would drop off and the so-called seed warts would come back again. They were on my face for about nine months and the trouble caused disfigurement while it lasted.

"One day I read in the paper of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I received a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and it was so much value to me that I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment at the drug store. In about ten days my face began to heal up. I kept on using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in a very short time after, the scabs dropped off the red spots where they were vanished also. My face is now clear of the warts and not a scar is left." (Signed) LeRoy C. O'Brien, May 12, 1913.

Cuticura Soap 25c. and Cuticura Ointment 50c. are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

HIDDEN ON RAIL, SHE SUES

Woman Demands $100,000 Damages for Embarrassing Situation.

Waukegon, Ill., Oct. 3.—The precipe for a suit for $100,000 was filed in the circuit court by attorneys representing Miss Minnie Richardson, victim of the recent rail-riding at Volo, against the following defendants: Emma Stadfield, Corina Raymond, Alma Walton, Mary Abel, Kate Wagner and Mrs. John Garfield. Mrs. Richardson is represented by Chicago attorneys.

After romping through the village with Mrs. Richardson astride the rail, the butt of jokes by town loafers and small boys, her tormentors dumped her in a mud puddle. She disappeared and the suit is her first official utterance.

The women who rode her on the rail afterward posed for a group picture, holding the rail, and submitted to interviews.

FREE PERISH IN FLAMES

Oklahoma Cotton Planter's Children Burn in Home.

Fort Smith, Ark., Oct. 2.—Three children of John Thomas, a cotton planter living in Oklahoma near Fort Smith, were burned to death in their home.

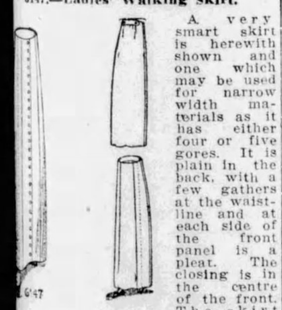
POWERFUL AIR RIFLE Length 32 inches. Working parts of the best grades. The stock is finely polished walnut. Shoots small game. Powerful, accurate, durable. You can have this air rifle for distributing only 8 of our fast selling art pictures at 25 cents on our special offer. Everybody will take one. COSTS YOU NOTHING to try, as we take back those you can't dispose of. No money, just your name and address. M. O. SEITZ, 10052 CHICAGO. FREE

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6147.—Ladies' Walking Skirt.



6147

A very smart skirt is herewith shown and one which may be used for narrow width materials as it has either four or five gores. It is plain in the back, with a few gathers at the waistline and at each side of the front panel is a pleat. The closing is in the centre of the front. The skirt pattern, 6147, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 4 yards of 36 inch material.

6391—Ladies' Dress.

6391

This design gives us one of the new coat suits. The body and sleeves are cut in one and the skirts are open to wear over a shaped vest, which points exactly below the girdle. The skirt is cut in four gores and is gathered altogether in front and opens at either of the front seams. The pattern is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inch bust measure. Medium size requires 9¼ yds. of 44 in. material.

6388.—Child's Dress.

6388

This dainty frock is for very small children. It has tucks in front and back to yoke depth, with a plain panel in the center of the front and the closing in the center of the back. The neck is trimmed with a pretty turn-over collar. The pattern, 6388, is cut in sizes ½, 1, 2 and 3 years. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

4347—Ladies' Aprons.

4347

This pattern provides for two fancy aprons. One with a bib and the other without a bib. Apron No. 1 ties with string ties, while apron No. 2 buttons in the back with a single button. Muslin or cambric can be used to make this apron.

The pattern 4347 is cut in one size only and requires for apron No. 1 ¾ yard of 27-inch material, 3½ yards of edging, 2¼ yards of fancy banding, 1¾ yards of beading and 4 yards of ribbon. Apron No. 2 requires ⅞ yards of 36 inch material, 9½ yards of insertion and 8¼ yards of edging.

6397—Ladies' Shirt Waist.

6397

This design may have the pleat down the front or may be made without it. The small yoke is an extension of the back of the waist. Puff or elbow sleeve may be used. The waist pattern 6397 is cut in sizes 34 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yds. of 36 in. material.

6184—Ladies' Wrapper.

6184

This design may make either a pretty wrapper or a serviceable bathrobe according to the material selected. For the wrapper crepe fabrics, silk, cashmere, etc., while for a bathrobe either blanket or Terry cloth are used. The wrapper has a seam down the center of the back and a front closing, with large collar and closed or open sleeves.

The wrapper pattern 6184 is cut in sizes 34 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 5½ yds. of 44 in. material.

"EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER"

Any woman who doesn't know how to make a petticoat can learn easily by obtaining a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Heretofore this valuable publication was issued semi-annually. Hereafter it will appear quarterly, during the four best pattern seasons of the year, thus giving Blade readers a catalogue that is always up to date.

The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but every woman who orders a Blade pattern can get it for 2 cents, if ordered at the same time that a pattern is ordered, or for 5 cents if orderd without a pattern. This is an opportunity that should not be overlooked. A TWO-CENT STAMP, enclosed when ordering a pattern, will get the book.

BLAME FLOOD ON STATE OFFICIALS

Army Engineers Find Laxity in Control of Bridge Construction.

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 1.—Additional legislation to prevent flood such as devastated Ohio and Indiana a few months ago is recommended by the engineer board from the war department that investigated the flood conditions recently. State authorities are blamed for lax control of bridge and railroad construction.

Federal control over bridges and their paproaches, city as well as county, is recommended in the report made public yesterday. At present the federal laws assert control only over bridges across navigable waters.

"In rare cases this authority," says the engineer board, "can be extended to include such structures over non-navigable feeders to navigable streams, provided it is shown that the bridges over such non-navigable streams affects indirectly navigable waters farther down stream."

The engineers say they cannot extend their jurisdiction without additional legislation.

The suggestion of co-operation between the federal government and the states for flood prevention is commended, but the board points out that there are many obstacles to such co-operation.

"Mixed conditions or other forms of divided control will be productive of results which will not be the most economical and will be unsatisfactory," says the report.

Condemn Reservoir Plan.

The board believes the suggested plan of reservoirs to store surplus waters in Ohio is too expensive and impractical.

The board declares that safety lies in keeping the drainage channels open. The same precipitation in times past have not led to such floods because "the drainage channels were in better condition is the past years than at present."

The board recommends more surveys both by the federal government and by the local communities. It recommends the whole subject of floods and their prevention be investigated as a matter which "vitally concerns navigation and interstate commerce," thereby making a federal question.

The engineers say that the people of the flood districts are looking to the war department for a flood preventative or remedy, but admits that it can suggest no plan at present and can give no estimate of final cost.

More Floods May Come.

Without desiring, it is explained, to unduly alarm, the board declares floods with more disastrous results may occur, under existing conditions at any time. In discussing this phase the report says:

"While the floods in many places were the worst on record, there is no reason why worse ones may not be expected. If the heaviest of the recent rainfall had been entirely in the Ohio basin, or if the precipitation had occurred with snow on the ground and the surface of the ground frozen, the run off would have been greater and more sudden and the results more disastrous. It is probable there has been equal precipitation in the past over the same territory. The reason why like results were not produced is that drainage canals were in better condition.

"The board finds the damages may be divided into two classes, those due to high water and those due to strong currents.

Blame Bridge Abutments.

"Damages of the first class to some extent and those of the second class to a large extent were caused by artifical contractions of the river channels and their adjacent flood plains. Without regard to safety, building lines were pushed forward into streams, bridge abutments carried out beyound proper limits, piers so placed as to choke channels and deck bridges with insufficient vertical clearance used.

"On the flood plains cities and towns have been so located as to act as dams and railway embankments have been carried from bluff to bluff. All these, by banking the water above them, developed currents of high velocity, and these currents caused the heavy damages.

"More high water would not cause a catastrophe such as the late flood in the Miami valley, but it is obvious that the high water in many cases was greatly increased by artificial obstructions above mentioned.

Urges Federal Control.

In the opinion of the board, this is a situation which merits condemnation of state authorities for lax methods and is one which should be placed under federal control.

The reports points to the Olentangy and Scioto rivers at Columbus as an example of the "weakness and dangers of local control." The engineers described the project for the improvement of these rivers at the state capital and expressed the opinion, that while the proposed plans would protect Columbus they would increase greatly dangers of high water below that city.

"This indicates," the report reads, "the necessity of adopting a comprehensive plan for the entire valley to which the special projects for cities and towns must be accommodated. What has been said of the Scioto applies in a general way to the Cuyahoga, Maumee, Muskingum, Miami, Wabash, White, Sandusky and probably other rivers."

The report states that a comprehensive survey should be made of all streams to make a systematic and effective improvement of the entire Ohio valley.

In condemning state authorities for lax conditions, the report says: "The board has been impressed by the evils of divided control of water courses. The obstructions along streams ought never to have been put there and their construction should have been prevented, but it developed no effective authority has been exercised by anybody."

The board carried on its investigation at Merietta, East Liverpool, Wellsville, Gambier, Mt. Vernon, Newark, New Philadelphia, Zanesville, Kenton, Delaware, Columbus, Chillicothe, Portsmouth, Dayton, Miamitown, Harrison, Hamilton, Piqua, Miamisburg, Celina and Grand Reservoir, Lewiston reservoir, Middletown, Franklin, Fremont, Tiffin, Napoleon, Lima, Oakwood, Akron, Ottawa, Defiance, Grand Rapids, Findlay, Troy, and Cincinnati.

British Columbia's 1912 mineral production was valued at $32,606,000.

THAT "Blue" Feeling

When you feel discouraged and all the world seems to be against you—that's your system's way of telegraphing you that something is WRONG and needs HELP.

It may be that your liver is tired and refuses to work, or your digestive organs have had too much to do and need care. Perhaps you have been eating the wrong kind of food, and your blood is too rich or impoverished. **What you need is a tonic.**

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

will give the required aid. **Tones the entire system.** The weak stomach is made strong. The liver vibrates with new life. The blood is cleansed of all impurities and carries renewed health to every vein and nerve and muscle and organ of the body. No more attacks of the "blues." Life becomes worth while again, and hope takes place of despair.

R. V. Pierce M.D.

President, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Insist on getting Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Sold by dealers in medicines.

Will Be Best Man When Miss Wilson Marries

Washington, Oct. 3.—Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, head of the Labrador Mission for Deep Sea Fishermen, has been chosen as best man for Francis B. Sayre, who will be married to Miss Jessie Wilson, daughter of President Wilson, at the White House on November 25. Mr. Sayre became acquainted with Dr. Grenfell when in Labrador, and the two are now firm friends. Dr. Grenfell is widely known for his lectures on life in Labrador.

SLOW ON CURRENCY BILL

Senate Refuses to Be Hurried on Measure.

Washington, Oct. 4.—An ineffectual attempt to hasten consideration of the administration currency bill in the senate banking and currency committee was made by the supporters of the measure today, Senator Shafroth arguing vainly for an agreement to close hearings on the bill next Saturday, October 11. Republicans on the committee protested vigorously, and Senator Shafroth was forced to give up the attempt to fix a definite day for getting down to detailed consideration of the bill in the committee.

Senators Reed and Hitchcock, Democrats, who have opposed hurrying the bill, were not present.

GETS NOSE FROM FINGER

Remarkable Operation Is Restoring Part of Girl's Face.

Washington, Oct. 6.—Her nose lost as the result of an accident, Miss Nellie Radigan, of Saint Elma, Va., is in a local hospital growing a new one, but at the sacrifice of the index finger of her left hand, and surgeons today believed that one of the most difficult operations ever performed here would be entirely successful. Their belief will not be proved or disproved for two weeks yet, however.

Miss Radigan's finger was split and the flesh sewed into place over the nasal passages, the finger bone forming the bridge of the nose.

At the expiration of two weeks, when the surgeons believe the skin grafting will have proved successful, they will amputate the finger and from it form a new nose.

In the meantime Miss Radigan is securely bound in plaster casts to prevent any interference with the healing process.

ASK TEST OF SUFFRAGISTS

"Antis" Say They Will Submit if Majority Want Vote.

Washington, Oct. 3.—The Anti-Suffrage Association has challenged the suffragettes to prove that a majority of the women of the United States want to vote.

In a statement the National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage says that if the suffragists can submit to congress next December figures showing that a majority of women want the franchise, anti-suffragists will "albeit sorrowfully, withdraw their opposition and allow woman suffrage to roll on in its destructive course."

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TABOO ONE-ROOM SCHOOL

Washington, Oct. 3.—The old-fashioned one-room school house of the country crossroads, within whose walls many of the country's most illustrious men received the rudiments of their education, would be entirely a thing of the past, if the United States bureau of education had its way.

Its place would be taken by the consolidated or centralized school, as recommended in a bulletin just issued by the bureau. Whenever this change can be made without too great expense and without breaking up or disintegrating existing communities, it should be done, says the bureau.

There is constant improvement in the facilities offered by the one-room rural school, particularly in relating school work to the farm needs, it is reported; but fewer and better schools, with transportation furnished to pupils living at a distance, is the recommendation.

LAND NOW UNDER WILSON'S TARIFF

President Signs Democratic Measure Amid Dramatic Surroundings.

Washington, Oct. 4.—The Wilson Underwood tariff bill is now the tariff law of the land. It became so at 9:10 o'clock last night when President Wilson put his signature to the measure, which, by its enactment, marks the first milestone in the progressive career of the present administration.

The final scene of the long tariff revision struggle was dramatic in the extreme. It was a momentous occasion in the life of the man who now rules as chief magistrate of the American people and every one in the comparatively small gathering that was present felt the thrill that ushered in a new economic era.

A Distinguished Group.

Present in the executive chamber were the vice president of the United States, the speaker of the house, the members of the cabinet, the Democratic members of the ways and means committee of the house and of the finance committee of the senate and other Democratic leaders in congress. When all were assembled the President advanced to his desk, where the parchment leaves containing the engrossed copy of the tariff act lay, and formally announced what he was about to do.

Signs With Two Pens.

Then while the stillness was almost uncanny, the President drew his spectacle case from his pocket, adjusted his spectables, picked up one of the pens and wrote on the line the words "Approved 9:10 p. m., Oct. 3, 1913," and just below the word "Woodrow." Picking up another pen he wrote "Wilson" in much heavier script than the inking of the given name.

Then picking up the first pen the President handed it to Mr. Underwood, who bowed and said: "I appreciate this and will treasure it as a souvenir."

As the other pen was handed to Senator Simmons the latter said: "I appreciate this, Mr. President, and so will the people of North Carolina."

Then the President assumed an attitude that was a mixture of extreme satisfaction and determination and spoke as follows:

Signing Gives Him Pleasure.

"Gentlemen, I feel a very peculiar pleasure," said the President, "in what I have done by way of taking part in the completion of a great piece of business. It is a pleasure which is very hard to express in words which are adequate to express the feeling; because the feeling that I have is that we have done the rank and file of the people of this country a great service.

"It is hard to speak of these things without seeming to go off into campaign eloquence, but that is not my feeling. It is one very profound, a feeling of profound gratitude that, working with the splendid men who have carried this thing through with studious attention and doing justice all round, I should have had a part in serving the people of this country as we have been striving to serve them ever since I can remember.

"I have had the accomplishment of something like this at heart ever since I was a boy, and I know men standing around me who can say the same thing—who have been waiting to see the things done which it was necessary to do in order that there might be justice in the United States.

"And so it is a solemn moment that brings such a business to a conclusion and I hope I will not thought to be demanding too much of myself or of my colleagues when I say that this, great as it is, is the accomplishment of only half the journey. We have set the business of this country free from those conditions which have made monopoly not only possible but in a sense easy and natural. But there is no use taking away the conditions of monopoly if we do not take away also the power to create monopoly; and that is a financial, rather than a merely circumstantial and economic, power.

Takes Up Currency Action.

The power to control and guide and direct the credits of the country is the power to say who shall and who shall not build up the industries of the country, in which direction they shall be built and in which direction they shall not be built. We are now about to take the second step, which will be the final step in setting the business of this country free.

"That is what we shall do in the currency bill, which the house has already passed and which I have the utmost confidence the senate will pass much sooner than some pessimistic individuals believe. Because the question, now that this piece of work is done, will arise all over the country, 'For what do we wait? Why should we wait to crown ourselves with consummate honor? Are we so self-denying that we do not wish to complete our success?'

"I was quoting the other day to some of my colleagues in the senate those lines from Shakespeare's Henry V., which have always appealed to me. 'If it be a sin to covet honor, then am I the most offending soul alive,' and I am happy to say that I do not covet it for myself alone. I covet it with equal ardor for the men who are associated with me, and the honor is going to come from them. I am their associate. I can only complete the work which they do. I can only counsel when they ask for my counsel. I can come in only when the last stages of the business are reached. And I covet this honor for them quite as much as I covet it for myself; and I covet it for the great party of which I am a member, because that party is not honorable unless it redeem its name and serve the people of the United States."

WILSON IS GIVEN PRAISE

Washington, Oct. 6.—President Wilson went to the golf links Saturday and when he returned to the White House shortly before noon found a pile of telegrams congratulating him on the signing of the new tariff bill.

The message came from chambers of commerce as well as political organizations. With the congratulations on the completion of the tariff came, in many cases, the sentiment "now for currency legislation."

TAKE LUNCH CAR TO COAST

New York, Oct. 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Johnson left this city for San Francisco is a lunch wagon. They expect to complete the journey in eight months.

The Midlanders

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

whirled about and dragged her after him from the sidewalk. The editor continued to watch them until they were lost in the sugar-tree shade of High street, still like one bereft of his senses. Even the startling idea of the judges' son and Old Michigan's girl coming from a tryst down Eagle Point trail to town together could not awaken him. After a while he muttered: "The most beautiful woman in America—maybe the whole world! Biggest thing ever hit the old town since Jay Smith killed himself up above the First National Bank! Aurelie, the beauty-prize winner!"

CHAPTER V.

Her Glimpse of Life.

She went with her lover obediently—penitent, curiously so, and as Harlan looked down at her smoothing her gown, going with him along the moonlit street to any adventure, to any end he wished, his heart smote him for his roughness. He had not spoken to her for some time, and the matter frightened her—it was something terrible from which he was trying to shield her; but he was angry, very angry, merely because she was pretty! Mon Dieu, was that it?

"I never gave anyone my picture!" she burst out, at length. "I never knew anything about it!"

"I know," he muttered. "That's the hateful thing about Wiley! He ought to know better."

"Eh, I must be very good-looking!" she glanced up at him with her quick gaiety. "When they want my picture, and to print things about me. And give me a prize, Harlan!"

"Aurelie," he muttered sternly. "This is simply horrible! To be advertised—to be exploited—to have all sorts of slush written about you in the Sunday papers!"

She was puzzled, trying to understand his viewpoint. It seemed that the brilliant world had beckoned to her, found her in her dolorous corner, her defeated and stormy little life—and he who loved her best was angry at it all!

"Oh, little girl!" he whispered, "just an hour ago I thought I was going to claim you—have you all my own, and defy the whole world for you! Just mine, Aurelie—and what we would do would be big and brave. If mother wouldn't have it, I'd run away with you! I'd go to work at anything, give up my law and chance with the firm—everything—for you!"

"Yes! And I felt like dancing, perfectly happy! And proud—oh, so proud of you! But what's the matter? I'll be famous, the editor said—and maybe rich—and go to Chicago . . . and have pieces in the paper! Oh, boy, is that so terrible? Just because I'm pretty!" She looked at him with mingled humility and rebellion. "You ought to be glad!"

His grave eyes were ruthless with some new command. He took her shoulders and held her so that she could not evade him. She stared up at him, then relaxed from her tenseness, laughing. Oh, well, then, Harlan, I just kept on in school this year to please you—I only try anything because you want me to. And now you'd think I'd committed some crime—and I've done nothing except be pretty! Ah, Name of God! Sometimes I wish I was a Cajun girl again, back on Bayou Perot, where we lived in a grass house one time. I can remember! I wish we'd never come up here among these cold Yankees!" She clasped him passionately. "But then I love one. You don't know what that means, dear, to me! Down in the bayou country we're women at 16—we marry because we love—oh, just as I love you—without thinking, or reason, or virtue!

"I know," he whispered. "You've told me all."

"I saw a man killed once, down-river. A woman stabbed him and he fell on the deck right where I was playing. I don't know why, eh?" She looked at him with her alert challenge—"But I can guess! She loved him! Why, even when I was a child I didn't blame her. Harlan, I suppose I'm a savage, now, ain't I—going to school with all those nice girls in white dresses!

"Aurelie," he answered slowly, "I'm going away tomorrow to school. And I was going to take you to mother tonight. Tell her everything—ask her to protect you, help you—make you the sort of woman you can be if you had a chance. I thought you'd be waiting for me—and trying, always!"

Her eyes were quick with tears. Beneath her laughter they were never far away.

"I wanted you to know my mother," he went on patiently. "But I wanted you to be yourself always, too. Good and fine—the best in your gay little self, because it's all there! And now this ghastly thing of Wiley's—the furor and publicity of it. Why, my mother—she couldn't stand it!"

She watched him long; her fingers plucked slowly at a tattered leaf upon his shoulder. "Well, then," she muttered humbly. "I won't. I'll give it all up—the prize and everything—if you ask me to."

"It's too late for that."

"No, it isn't. I won't have a thing to do with 'em! My picture in the paper—or anything!"

He smiled at her simplicity. "Oh, Aurelie, I wish they'd never discovered you!"

From the path they were descending she watched a distant patch of water touched by a mist of light. Beyond it was the East, the radiant land; over the silent hills of the river was some unknown glory beckoning her. She sighed and put by the undreamed allurement; it seemed as though since she had known Harlan she was always putting something by, renouncing, struggling; trying to do or be something quite unattained. That was love, she answered—to renounce and not be embittered, to try for something better than one had, to be better than one truly was. That was it. Love meant trying!

Nobody will have me," she went on slowly. "I won't pay any attention to 'em. I love you that way, Harlan. Just to wish my face was ugly if it pleased you. To scratch my cheeks and eyes if you wanted me to! Just to live on here and be the bootlegger's girl from the bottoms, and never have a pretty dress. I will, if you want me to."

He did not answer for a time. She could not tell that he was conquering the lump in his throat at the pathos of her passion. "For me!" he whispered, and she nodded; and so they went on through the moonlight to his home.

They crossed the wide lawn where Palf, the great friendly Saint Bernard, came to greet them. Some one was singing in the parlors. It was Elise Dickinson and a Schumann song; and Harlan slowly remembered that this was their last night at home before he went to Harvard and Elise to Bryn Mawr, and that all the boys he had grown up with, played football and debated with; and all the girls he had danced with his life long, had gathered to speed him well. Elise was going, too; it was partly in her honor.

He felt Aurelie falter at the music, then after his steady glance at her, she tensed in her petite independence and went with him through the door of the library. His father and mother were there alone. The Van Hart house was the rendezvous of all the High street young people; there was no need of bidding to its fine, open, careless welcome any one of Harlan's set. So while the guests amused themselves in the parlors the judge sat at his paper and Mrs. Van Hart was before a bookcase, the wall light upon her contour of hair and brow. There was about her the inescapable inference of breeding, that same charm of assurance, of power, of books, and gentle ways, which the room itself disengaged—the grace of right living and of love, that splendid wholesomeness of the American home.

Mrs. Van Hart looked up at them in surprise. She did not recognize Aurelie. But Harlan's arm was about the stranger. The lady arose with an exclamation. "My dear, have you been hurt?"

"No," said Aurelie.

"Mother," the boy began, and dropped Aurelie's hand and stood apart in quiet dignity, "she's not hurt." His father had lowered the paper and turned his kindly eye upon them. "We came to tell you, mother, we're engaged."

He saw his mother's blue eyes narrow, heard the rustle of the newspaper in the judge's hand. From the other room the Schumann song went on. Mrs. Van Hart checked the flutter in her voice. "Engaged — Harlan?"

"Yes. To Aurelie Lindstrom."

There was a silence, courteous, even kindly. Harlan knew at all costs they would be kindly. If the Van Harts had sent a culprit to the gallows it would be done without scene—and kindly. His mother was looking at them keenly; then she laughed, briefly, so naturally, that, for a moment, even Harlan was deceived. Then to Aurelie: "My dear—be seated."

The girl did so in a sort of dream. They had welcomed her! They had called her "dear!" It was all so unutterably different, so beautifully different! Her day of the jinnee had dawned—the most beautiful girl in all America! Harlan's home opened to her with love. Love, that was it—love graced and opened everything. Love counted nothing of her simple gown, love asked nothing of her brown hands, her want of manner, her lack of speech and knowledge of all this gentle life—love asked her in and opened all the way!

She had not seen the judge's paling face, his eyes upon his son with a crushed despair, so glorified was she with this. The mother went on: "My dear child—" She hesitated, then smiled easily. "You surprise us. It is a—a—thunderbolt!"

"All summer, mother," Harlan answered doggedly—he knew the shock they felt, if Aurelie was deceived—"We've been meeting each other. It's no sudden thing. I should have told you—I hated to deceive you" — he laughed bluntly and looked at Aurelie, perched like a bird blinded by a light upon her chair—"well, I'm sorry for that. But now I'm going away to school, and I want you to care for Aurelie. Just to know you, mother—it will be so much to her! I wanted to bring her here, mother—home! And then this fool beauty contest that Wiley Curran got some of the town girls into — I simply couldn't stand it!"

"Yes," his mother answered. "Elise—her picture was sent. It was abominable. Mr. Dickinson telephoned tonight to ask Mr. Van Hart is something actionable could not be done about it."

Harlan laughed mirthlessly. "Elise didn't get the prize so no one'll know of her! But Aurelle—" His eyes went hungrily to Aurelle, dumb on her chair, striving to grasp what might be this amazing beauty, for he had never thought of that in her! The purity of her oval face, the perfect line of her small throat, her mouth, budded always with laughter, now grave as a nun, her black, heavy-lidded eyes—he had merely loved them all.

"Elise," rejoined his mother briefly, "need not be mentioned now. Harlan—your engagement . . . extraordinary."

She had murmured something that they could not understand. The judge, too, had muttered. If the only son had been brought home dead they would not have made a scene before their guests in the next room, so thorough was the Van Hart inheritance. The song had ceased, a buzz of gay comment followed. The lady nodded at the open door and the judge went as if to close it. Mrs. Van Hart placed a cool and gracious hand upon Aurelie's head. "My dear," she said slowly, "I can understand. You're both very young, and these summer nights along Sinsinawa — beautiful!" She smiled and stroked the girl's girl.

"So very young," the father repeated. "And Harlan—your way to make—a long tough battle" * * * they could not hear the rest * * * "the law * ** * a jealous mistress * * * my boy * * * my boy!"

Then, before them, the judge arose and fled hastily. To Harlan it seemed he staggered in the shadow of the dining room.

But Aurelie did not know. She seemed stupefied at all this largeness of soul. She had not dreamed such grace, such warmth, could be. Even Uncle Michigan's profane and picturesque love had not been of this amplitude. Suddenly she felt that in all her absurd and lonely pride she had never felt—a remorseless misery for her ignorance, an infinite pathos for her beggary, her vanity, her unworth—she tried to put her browned and roughed little hands away; and then, with a great humbleness, she knew there was no need. Love was about her, it understood; it covered all. She could not lift her eyes for the tears in them; she could not trust her voice to speak.

"She's the most generous little heart in all the world," Harlan was saying. "And I want you to help her, mother. All this publicity and prize-winning—we hate it! Aurelie has given it up, mother. She promised—and I want you to protect her till I come back!"

To Be Continued.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

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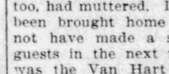

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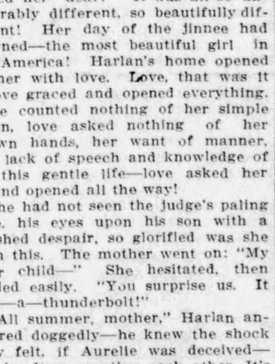

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Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

Editor, Robinson Locke, Toledo, Ohio; Editorial Manager, N. C. Wright, Toledo, Ohio; Managing Editor, Blacque Wilson, Toledo, Ohio; Business Manager, H. S. Thalheimer, Toledo, Ohio; Publisher, The Toledo Blade Company, Toledo, Ohio.

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Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement. (this information is required from daily newspapers only). 236,943.

H. S. THALHEIMER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1913.
(Seal.) F. E. COTTRELL,
Notary Public, Lucas County, Ohio.
My commission expires June 12th, 1915.

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THE SEPTEMBER WATCH.

The watch premium for the month of September, awarded for the greatest list of subscribers, goes to a Virginia worker. He sent in a list of 152 names.

If John Bull loses many more cups-to America he will have to drink out of a gourd.

Writers of fiction must have a lot of patience to let a villain live through 30 or 40 chapters.

When it is a matter of changing her mind a woman doesn't keep her husband waiting very long.

The white race need not boast of its superiority. It is said that cannibals seldom eat white persons.

Two women of 50 can get a lot of comfort in the afternoon of a bright day by comparing their pains.

By the time a woman becomes a grandmother she finds that she has developed a second love for children.

A Boston paper wants to know if office hunters are getting scarce. Not scarce enough to call for a closed season.

Starvation awaits the moths that try to live through the coming winter on the clothes the girls wore during the summer.

Mr. Wilson is a horse for work. Being President and both houses of congress doesn't seem to begin to exhaust his strength.

It is pretty safe to assume that the Pennsylvania woman who killed 34 snakes in one day was never referred to as a clinging vine.

One trial marriage has lasted just three months. "Divorced at first sight" is beginning to look less and less like an impossibility.

Everybody is trying to tell how to keep the boys on the farm, except the boys themselves. They ought to be able to throw light on the problem.

Nothing is too big for the American government to undertake. Having about finished the Panama Canal, it is going to teach newly weds to make bread.

"I do not know much about the tariff," said Abraham Lincoln. There are many men who don't know much about the tariff, but they are not enough like Lincoln to admit it.

While the agricultural department is telling the brides how to make bread, it might also give them instructions in the art of manufacturing pie. Good pie is essential to the joy of living.

Lincoln Beachey, who announced recently that he was through with the aeroplane game, will fly again. It seems that few men who have sailed above the clouds can remain contented with an unbroken neck.

It is rather strange that suffragists have not objected to the United States being referred to as Uncle Sam. One might think that some of the more radical among the sisters would prefer Ant Samantha or Aunt Tobitha as a nickname for the government.

NEW GRADES FOR CORN.

After several years of experiment, the government has announced its grades for commercial corn. They are based on the percentage of moisture the corn contains, the percentage of damaged corn, the percentage of foreign material and the percentage of "cracked" corn. Two more grades are provided than those formulated by the Grain Dealers' National Association in 1909 and the basis of distinction is enlarged.

The discussion of these new corn grades is expected to be the most important business of the convention in the grain dealers' convention which will be held in New Orleans week after next. Upon the action of the convention will probably hinge the decision of all the grain dealers of the country as to their acceptance or rejection of the government grades.

Some objection to adopting the government grades has already been voiced. It is declared, for one thing, that if the grades are adopted, it will be only a step for the government to supplant the inspectors employed by local grain organizations with inspectors in the federal pay and under the control of Washington. This naturally raises the question as to what injury the grain trade would suffer if the government should go so far as to take over the inspectorship. Inspection as now carried on is far from being a perfected thing. Grain that leaves a certain shipping point as No. 2 may arrive here, for example, as No. 4, the local inspector's judgment of it. Inspectors are only human and cannot be expected to forget who they are that pay their salaries. The government inspection service might be cumbersome. It might be autocratic. But surely it would be uniform and certainly quite as honest on the whole as the system now in vogue.

There seems to be no certainty now as to what the grain dealers at New Orleans may do with the government grades. But it does seem certain that the grades will be adopted in time. They mean better, cleaner business. They mean more reliability in business. We cannot see how the grain dealers of the country can reject the grades for any longer period than it takes to bring about a change in any custom and a change in manner of thought without inviting criticism as opponents of ethical dealings.

ROCKEFELLER AND THE "MOVIES."

The late J. Pierpont Morgan didn't like cameras any more than John D. Rockeller does. Once when he alighted from his machine and found a photographer with his camera aimed at him like a thirteen-inch gun, Mr. Morgan raised his cane to fell the impudent cuss. The picture the photographer got of the great financier in anger, face contorted with indignation and cane poised threatening, is rated among the prized snap-shots of press picture-taking.

Mr. Rockefeller succeeded in dodging the moving picture men the other day by slipping out of a side door. But he ought to know that he has only put the fellows on their mettle. They will but strive the harder to get a Rockefeller film and what they get may prove a good deal less flattering than pictures of him in his Sunday clothes and dignity. Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany lives in an atmosphere vibrant with the click of cameras. Wherever King George goes, the moving picture men go also and the melancholy, bored-to-death countenance of the English king is as familiar to the American patrons of the "movey" shows as it is familiar to George's own subjects. These rulers have accepted the kinetoscope as a necessary evil, no more to be dodged than the President of the United States can dodge the eager hand-shaker. Servants, private detectives and willing friends cannot save Mr. Rockefeller. He had better make a good face of the situation and let the cameras do their best, or their worst, with him. The last thing a great man or a very rich man or one of exceeding notoriety can expect in this world is to be let alone.

SPURRING THE GOVERNMENT.

A commission which has made an examination of the census bureau found that although three years and a half had elapsed since the latest enumeration, a great part of the work was still uncompleted and that when statistics now in course of preparation should be printed they would be so old as virtually to be worthless.

As government work goes, the census is probably as much up-to-date as work in most of the other bureaus. Leisureliness is inbred at Washington. Custom has directed that time be the last thing thought of. But the contrast between the way private organizations do their work and the way it is done by the government cannot endure forever. The government will have to break into at least a fox trot. If administrative offices get to doing things as modern private business does them and the federal courts, answering to the spur of criticism, catch up with their calendars, it may be that congress can revise a tariff in less than six months or reach the point of reforming the currency in less than five years.

This is a pleasant thing to which to look forward.

CONTROL OF THE FLOODS.

It is a little amusing to be scolded by the army engineers for obstructing channels seeing that, in some of the instances, they or their fellow officers marked the channel lines or approved the bridge constructions which brought about damage in the flood of last March. But there should be no disposition on the part of residents of the flood area to quarrel over the question of responsibility. That brings no grist to any one's mill. The important thing is to make such changes and undertake such labors as will draw the teeth of the floods, or better still, turn them to some practical use.

From the news accounts of the engineers' report, it is difficult to find just what these gentlemen would recommend in the way of relief. They condemn the reservoir idea as expensive and impracticable. They express the belief that federal authority should be extended to control of non-navigable waters. Divided control they consider uneconomical and unsatisfactory, as it almost always is. They urge that the channels be kept open and suggest that all the rivers be surveyed for the purpose of learning what obstructions retard the run-off, what increase the destructiveness of the current and what can be done in the way of defense. Several questions will occur to the inexpert minds—why is holding flood waters in reservoirs impracticable, will not hastening the run-off increase the force of currents, what will happen in the lower reaches of a river system if the run-off, increased artificially, comes down upon it in one great wave?

The quite definite recommendation of the report is that of surveying each river and its tributaries. This is something that the state can do at once, without waiting for the settlement of the question as to ultimate control. Perhaps it would be expedient for municipalities, sufferers from floods, to do this upon their own account. Certainly it would hasten the beginning of work for protection against flood. And that is the thing needed.

TESTS FOR THE TARIFF.

The Democrats claim for their new tariff law that it is written in behalf of the people, that it "taxes wealth, indulgence, luxury," that it is "intended to give consumers cheaper goods, or better goods for the same money." Further, they say it will constitute a lifting of the burden on manufacturing by relieving raw material from taxation. On the ethical side, they claim for their tariff that it will make business more honest and will promote self-reliance among people who have depended upon the government for defense against foreign competition.

These assertions are open to dispute. The claims for any tariff bill which has not been tested in the fire of time always are open to question. But the tariff bill is made and soon it will be in operation. Attacks upon the measure, forecasts as to its probable or possible effect, sneers and snarls, are all futile now. It will be like ringing the bell of a door that is barred and nailed fast. Moreover the Democrats are entitled to a trial of their economics with all interference or captious comment withheld. The people have wanted a revision of the tariff. They wanted it a few years ago much more than they long for it now and they did not get the kind of revision they counted upon. This new tariff, the Democrats assure us, is in line with the people's wishes and, lacking an exact knowledge of what the people really do wish, no one can say that the Democrats are wrong.

To assay the Underwood act, time and time only is needed. If it prove a success, we suppose the next revision will come more nearly to the ideal of Democratic free trade, perhaps, absolute free trade with every gate open and every custom house office closed. If it fail, then the principle of protection will have received its vindication. No honest-minded protectionist would quail at the test.

CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING.

A Texas co-operative association recently formed purposes to take the products of its agricultural members, pay down three-quarters of their normal value, store them against the day of greater demand and, upon marketing them, pay the members the balance, less a nominal commission, the warehouse fee and the insurance.

There are some hundreds of co-operative marketing schemes along this line and yet there is no lessening of the complaint that farmers fail to get a just return for their products. Either they affect too few farmers or they fail to obtain for the farmers an appreciable part of that great sum which is the difference between farm prices and prices to consumers. It is to be suspected that as co-operative associations are able to get better returns, the costs to consumers increase in keeping, the middlemen getting the same percentages as ever.

We can think of marketing schemes only as endeavors to solve a minor part of the great problem of distribution. They have their value, but their usefulness is probably only short-lived. Some day it ought to be possible for the products of the farm to reach the consumers' tables with so few charges for shipment and so few passings from one hand to another, that the distribution costs will be, say, 10 per cent of the costs, where now they are 65 per cent.

YOUTH AND WAR.

Our own Civil war was fought by youngsters, gaining the physique of maturity upon the weary march, coming into their manhood upon the field of battle. The youth of Russia and Japan was drawn upon to settle the dispute between the robbers of a third nation's land. Scarce half the soldiers of the Balkan allies, it is said, had down upon their cheeks and, in Mexico the guerrilla warfare is carried on by boys who, in a more advanced country, would be in school. It is probably true that since the days when entire nations made a profession of fighting, lived by conquest and prospered by the loot they took, war has been a duty assigned always to striplings.

If youth made war, there would be less of gross immorality about it. But youth is only the pawns of the fighting, only the creatures to be shot down, to be exposed to privation and disease, to be laid open to the sins and temptations that trail in the wake of armies. It has not always been realized how little a part the fighters of any war have with its contriving. But that realization must come home to a nation which takes account of the loss of its virility through war, the sacrifice of its adventurous spirit, which in other directions might have wrought quite wonderful things.

Perhaps in this new way we have of looking at the rising generation as the best asset of a country, the world will think more of the wastes of war, more of the damage it does to itself. Through that might come the universal peace we pray for.

THE USE THAT RADIUM IS.

It was a very little radium that the Curies managed to isolate after working over tons and tons of the material in which it had its hiding place. They knew it to be different from all other elements and to have within it the possibility of blowing to bits the carefully bolstered chemical theories of a century. But neither of them had any conception or idea of what this strange new element might do when the gentlemen of the medicine got to experimenting with it.

It has been found that radium has some sort of influence over cancer, staying its growth and, if not curing it, providing the semblance of cure. There seems to be doubt as to just what value radium really has in the treatment of the disease. But that there is some value must be assumed by the request the medical profession has made in England and Germany for funds with which to buy radium to carry on further experiments. The other day announcement was made in Berlin that mesothrrium, a kind of cheaper relative of radium, has been tried upon more than one hundred cases of cancer, with the result that pain has ceased, general health has improved and microscopic examination has shown no trace of cancer left. This should not be accepted too readily, as announcements of the sort have a way of taking on color in transmission. Yet the hope may be entertained that there is some fire beneath the smoke.

The Curies found a thing that, in quantities, would supplant the steam engines, water power plants and electrical machinery of all the world, so much energy did it give off with so little loss of innate power. But it is altogether unlikely that more than the smallest quantity of radium will ever be available for man's use. And what there is will be put to some such employment as the doctors are now finding for it.

CANONIZING BRYAN.

Secretary Bryan has been guilty of carelessness in the conduct of his official labors. He has been guilty of impatient statements in defending his Chautauqua contracts. But Secretary Bryan has done just what other politicians have done from time immemorial—treated his office as of less importance than his private affairs. He has made a slip in tact, betrayed a lack of shrewdness, sins of which no human being has been guiltless since Father Adam set the example in the Garden of Eden.

One trouble with the secretary of state is that he has been conventional and human and another trouble with him is that he is the Man Bryan who has spent nearly 20 years in accumulating critics and enemies. Nothing, or very little, would have been said if some other secretary had accepted the invitation to go speechmaking and had been petulant with inquisitive reporters. But since it is Bryan who is involved, the Chautauqua contracts and the reckless tongue are set forth as offenses against custom, offenses against the nation, high crimes and misdemeanors without parallel in the history of the republic! Changes are rung upon the facts to the point where they deafen. Comment runs from slap-stick humor to vitriol throwing.

These people who cannot let Bryan either follow the time-worn practices of Washington or get hot under the collar do not seem to see what they are doing with their victim. They are providing him with a deep personal grievance. They are making him into a martyr. It is the last thing these naggers could desire.

A TEST FOR A THEORY

Nearly all economists are convinced that there exists a very close relationship between the high production of gold and the high cost of living. As gold was plentiful, prices rose. As gold became scarcer, prices receded. So the evidence made it appear that the most potent reason for an increasing cost of living was the activity and success of the gold seeker.

The Director of the Mint has recently published figures which show that the gold production of the United States, which for some time had been on the increase, came to a sort of pause in 1909. The next year there was a slight decrease as compared with 1909. The figures for 1911 indicate that the tide was really ebbing and this idea was further strengthened by the statistics of 1912—which show a falling off in gold production of $3,438,500 in the course of a year.

There is a chance, then, that the theory as to the influence of gold production on prices will shortly receive a very fair test. If prices continue to mount, this theory will have to take to the background—if it does not have to retire altogether. But if there is a falling off in prices and the burden of living is lightened, the economists will have good reason to pose as accurate students and prophets.

THE CORN THAT POPS.

The raw material of $30 worth of popcorn retailed in five-cent packages costs only about $1 or $1.50, the federal department of agriculture says, so that the farmer's children who munch popcorn only when they go excursioning or come to the circus have to pay an extravagant interest for failing to raise their own raw material.

The department, after investigating, declines to advertise the advantages of one variety of popcorn over another, finding that all are good and none of them greatly superior to its rivals. It advises planting in short rows, frequent cultivation or hoeing until early growth is made, husking from the standing stalk and storing in places where the air can circulate freely, care being taken to avoid the plunderings of squirrels, birds and mice. Though anyone may think there is no art in poping corn, the agricultural experts at Washington assure their public that there is—warning against too hot a fire, the heaping of corn in the popper and a haste that may result, not in luscious, sweet-smelling popcorn, but in scorched grain whose fumes make the appetite flee and the eyes smart.

The department's report—sent out as "Farmers' Bulletin 553"—is meant for the people of the farm. But it should also interest city folk who have sunny back yards and children of normal taste and ability to discover entertainment in the music of the popper.

NEW TANGLES IN THE BALKANS.

Albania was one of the bones for which the Balkan allies fought. From recent dispatches it appears that she will be one of the bones for which blood was shed and national treasuries made bankrupt in vain.

Essad Pasha, the Turkish defender of Scutari against the Montenegrins, has raised the Austrian flag over the Albanian district to which he marched his forces after the surrender. He has announced that he is working in agreement with the Italian government. This would indicate that Austria and Italy have arranged a neat little plot by which the hopes of Servia to Albanian territory could be resisted, the claims of Greece and Montenegro combated with a show of force, and in the fullness of time, the coveted Albania divided between the two big powers.

The Balkan question seems destined to be perpetual, or destined to worry the world and drain the resources of manhood in the Balkan states until neighboring powers can summon the courage to gobble the territory up, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, Montenegro, Albania and all.

A Chicago woman wants a million dollars for the alienation of her husband's affections. He must have been an ideal husband—but no, that couldn't have been the case, an ideal husband's affections are supposed to be permanent.

Every man who has reached the age of 98 or 100 years tries to tell how he did it; but it is doubtful if one of them really knows. There was but one rule they followed—they didn't live very fast.

Kansas' four-inch rain came after the people quit praying. Thus vindicating the judgment of the minister who advised them to pray on until their prayers were answered.

When the English suffragettes come to this country they should adapt themselves to the weather, not try to raise the temperature to harmonize with their notions of a hot time.

If the horse ever goes the way of the dodo future generations will still have the equestrian statues to look at.

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

HENRIETTA TEMPLE—By Benjamin Disraeli.

FERDINAND ARMINE was a young British officer whose chief claim to distinction lay in the fact that he was the favorite nephew of the rich Earl of Grandison. On the strength of his great expectations as the Earl's heir he was enabled not only to cut a figure in the gay army society he affected, but was allowed by complacent creditors to run into debt to an alarming degree.

Then the Earl died, leaving his whole fortune to his niece, gentle Katherine Grandison.

There seemed but one course for Ferdinand if he would save himself from ruin and get a share in his dead uncle's estate. And that course he proceeded to adopt. He laid ardent siege to Katherine's heart and succeeded in making her fall genuinely in love with him. On his part he was more or less fond of her in his indolent way. And he sincerely congratulated himself on his good luck when Katherine consented to be his wife.

Business called Ferdinand from Bath, where Katherine was staying. He went for a visit to a friend who lived in the country. While Ferdinand was shooting in the woods there one day he chanced to meet an elderly man and a young girl who were strolling through the forest. They were a Mr. Temple and his daughter, Henrietta, who had lately rented a cottage in the neighborhood.

At first sight Ferdinand fell utterly and hopelessly in love with Henrietta. He easily formed an acquaintanceship with her and with her father. Forgetful of his duty to Katherine, he began a "whirlwind courtship." For the first time in his gay life Ferdinand was wholly, honestly in love.

After a few golden weeks of wooing he proposed to Henrietta and she accepted him. Ferdinand persuaded her to keep their engagement a secret until the young lover could return from Bath, whither he said he must go at once to arrange some "weighty affairs." Henrietta consented, bade her lover farewell and fell to counting the days when he could come back to her.

One evening soon afterward she learned from the idle chatter of some people with whom she was dining that Ferdinand was about to be married to Katherine Grandison. Mr. Temple, hoping to heal his daughter's crushed heart by travel, left England and took Henrietta to Italy for the winter.

Ferdinand meantime had honestly intended to break his engagement to Katherine and hurry back to Henrietta. But on his arrival in Bath he was threatened with arrest for debt and could escape from prison only by announcing that he was about to marry a girl of great wealth.

Then, as Henrietta ceased writing to him, love overcame prudence and he hastened back to the Temple cottage—to find Henrietta and her father gone. The shock threw Ferdinand into a dangerous illness. On his recovery he confessed everything to Katherine. She released him from his engagement and promised to do everything in her power to help him find Henrietta. But for a year Ferdinand could glean no news concerning the girl he loved.

Then the Temples returned to England. Through the death of a wealthy relative, Henrietta had recently become one of the richest women in Europe. She was reported engaged to the Marquis of Montfort. She and Katherine met in London and became close friends. But Ferdinand and Henrietta remained as far apart as ever.

At length fate began to force matters On learning that the young man was not going to marry Katherine his creditors had him thrown into prison. Henrietta, moved by tidings of his plight, sent Lord Montfort (who had meantime become engaged to Katherine) to pay his debts and set him free.

Ferdinand was released from prison. Mr. Temple's reluctant consent was obtained for his marriage with Henrietta, and the long-parted lovers were reunited. As a reward for inconstancy and all-around worthlessness, Ferdinand Armine found himself the husband of the woman he adored and the possessor of an immense fortune.

Sunday School

A JEALOUS WOMAN'S PNISHMENT.

The International Sunday School Lesson for October 12, Is: "Jealousy and Envy Punished." Numbers 12.

By William T. Ellis.

It is an off day in the news which does not report some jealous woman up to mischief. And yet there is nothing new in that. Here we have under our hand one of the oldest historical documents in existence, which Sunday schools of the world are now studying, and it tells a story of a woman's jealousy which squares perfectly with the incidents in our own newspapers. Thus it is that the fundamental human traits persist through all ages; making clear why this old Bbile is the forever fresh treatise upon life.

The woman in this case was a social leader, powerful in public life. Her place as head of the female part of the community had been undisputed, because, in addition to her own rare natural capacity, she was the older sister of the ruler. No more than any modern woman did she care to relinquish her pre-eminence. But on a day her brother's wife, from whom he had been long separated by the vicissitudes of his work, rejoined him. This meant a new woman to the fore. Miriam, as Moses' sister, must henceforth, give the precedence to Zipporah, his wife.

When a Woman Takes Second Place.

What made this social eclipse the more bitter was the fact that the wife had none of the sister's brilliance. Zipporah was a mere tent woman, an untutored shepherdess, with none of the refinement and learning which Egypt imparted. As Miriam bitterly declared, the interloper was but a dark-skinned Cushite woman, a Midianitess. The cruelty of it that such a one should supercede the brilliant Miriam, to whom Moses owed everything. Had she not been the means of putting him, as a babe, into the care of the Egyptian princess? Had she not been his comforter and counsellor all the way? Whose voice but hers rose clearest and sweetest in a song of deliverance after the crossing of the Red Sea?

So ran this intense Hebrew woman's plaint, in all the passionateness of her temperament. Jealousy never lacked for excuses. And this one is among the oldest. When son and brother brings a bride into the family it is not unknown for that creature which Shakespeare calls "the green-eyed monster" to enter the circle at the same time. A fair spirit out of paradise could not satisfy some mothers and sisters as the bride of their son or brother. Not always is this so, for there are many nobler women than Miriam; but it is common enough to break the hearts of many wives, and to bring discord into newly established homes.

In the light of this old story let us study the conditions, its causes and its cure.

The Mainspring of Jealousy.

To name an evil aright is to half conquer it. Jealousy would delight to masquerade as love; whereas it is but selfishness. Miriam thought that love of her brother was her root motive; whereas it clearly was only the ambition and pride of herself. She was not thinking of her brother's happiness; of the comfort to him of having his family re-established; nor yet of the rights of the patient wife, who had in loneliness awaited her husband in the wilderness. A few minutes of unselfish thinking would have put Miriam into a more generous mood.

There is no necessary relation between the fact that Miriam had entered public life and her unseemly behavior. She was simply a proud and selfish woman who had found herself supplanted by another woman; and so she gave way to the instincts of a cave dweller. The cause of her outbreak was self-centeredness; its cure could only be a greater love and a greater sense of justice.

Going Back on the Dearest.

Primitive passions, like jealousy, obscure the vision. We speak of an angry person as "seeing red." Miriam (and her brother Aaron, also, who, however, is but her shadow in the story) had coddled her self-consciousness so long that she thought she had a grievance, not merely against her brother's wife, but also against Moses himself. She might have been a vain and sulky second woman, in a modern theatrical company. She had broded over her rights so long that she thought she was really greater than Moses himself!

Amusing! the counterpart of this may be seen any day. I recall meeting a kinsman of Dwight L. Moody, who was seriously at odds with the world, because it did not recognize him as greater than an evangelist. Another man is known to me whose whole later life has been wrecked because he has had a grievance with the world for its unappreciativeness. This combination of vanity and jealousy is responsible for half of the office politics that embitter the life of large organizations.

Incredible as it seems, the Miriam type of jealousy is ruining homes, dissolving partnerships, separating homes, and hindering public service. For it incites men and women to go back on their nearest and dearest. It turns the milk of love into the gall of hate. Truly does ont old writer cry, "O Truly does one old writer cry, "O,

The Swift Arraignment.

Faster than smallpox, deeper than gangrene, such a spirit would spread through the camp of Israel. Irresponsible persons think that this reckless criticism, disparagement and backbiting may be carried on without limits; for they are heedless of consequences. How serious jealousy was, and is, we may learn from the course adopted with Miriam and Aaron. At stake was the peace and stability of the Hebrew organization, not to mention Miriam's own soul, and the peace of her brother's household.

There is point to the record here: "And Jehovah spake suddenly... Come ye three out into the tent of meeting." That is rather startling in its peremptoriness. No leisurely methods, with repeated warnings, avail here. The case is one for swift arraignment. As every wise parent knows, there are some offenses which call for punishment on the instant; a bed-time reckoning will not do. This business, which superficially seemed only a family squabble, was serious enough to demand the personal attention of Jehovah; and that, too, by the sacred altar, with the pillar of cloud enveloping them. The anger of the Lord had been incurred by Miriam and Aaron.

In a terrifying arraignment the Lord pointed out the seriousness of speaking against his servant. Would that all idle critics of the preachers (who, however, are by no means Moses!) would take this warning to heart. They had meddled with things too high for them. If Miriam had endured wrong, she should have left it with Jehovah, even as did Moses; for a bed rock teaching of all Scripture is "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

The Leprous Sister: Chivalrous Brother.

Some sins are punished in the body, as we know upon the word of the physicians. Others stain and shrivel the soul without leaving the same kind of physical marks. To save Miriam's soul, and to warn the nation, God afflicted her body.

When the cloud lifted. Miriam, the proud, the comely, the dignified, stood a thing of horror, an outcast, a leper! How awful! Yet was this physical blight worse than her previous state of mind? She who had been a leader and a teacher became a creature beyond the camp!

Now the brothers rise to their height. Sometimes they, like their sister, failed in the small routine of life; but they rose grandly to a great occasion. Aaron eloquently pleaded with Moses in behalf of the stricken Miriam; and Moses, despite what he and his had suffered at their hands, entreated Jehovah in behalf of the white leper. Magnanimity is a sign of the mighty. A petty soul gloats over its own victories and over its adversaries' humiliation. But the appeal of Moses sounds like the first faint uttering of the word from the Cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"He delighteth in mercy." That is the characteristic word concerning Jehovah. And to Miriam mercy was extended; for seven days she was sequestered outside the camp. The whole pilgrimage halted for her term of cleansing. Cannot you almost hear the people talking, in hushed, fearful accents, concerning the tragedy, as they looked toward the place of Miriam's banishment? It was an impressive school which God kept for seven days, teaching his people, by an object lesson, the truths of reverence, loyalty and unselfish love.

The Drummer's Tender Heart.

Manchester Guardian.

The commercial traveler had just finished a story of a disastrous fire in which his firm suffered severely.

"And what did you do when you heard of it on your journey?" inquired his friend.

"Oh, I sent the boss a long telegram of sympathy! He likes that kind of thing. Cost me half a crown."

"Half a crown!" exclaimed the other incredulously.

"Oh, I charged it to my expenses, of course!" explained the traveler.

Kindly feeling and thoughtful economy could go no further.

Inaccessible Islands

THE world has been explored from Pole to Pole, yet how many well informed, intelligent people could tell at once, if asked, the location of the Inaccessible Islands? Yet, even these islands, hidden away in the mid-Atlantic and South America, have not been overlooked by the British Crown Agents for the Colonies, who are inviting tenders for a license confirming the exclusive right to occupy the Nightingale, Inaccessible Islands and Gough Island for whaling, sealing and getting guano.

The principal island of the group is perhaps best known to geographers under the name Tristan da Cunha, the only one of the group where vessels sometimes touch for mails and goods. By the terms now exacted, licensees who receive the permits for whaling, sealing, etc., will be required to touch at Tristan de Cunha, and also it will be their duty to maintain good order on the islands, which, as the total population is only about 100, ought not to be a very difficult undertaking. As a matter of fact there is probably no more quiet and orderly population anywhere on the globe than on the Inaccessible Islands, on which, it is said, there is no strong drink and no crime. The population consists almost solely of descendants of the military force which seized and held Tristan de Cunha under the first Napoleon, together with occasional shipwrecked sailors and wives imported from St. Helena, the nearest island neighbor.

VARIETIES

Forty thousand autos are owned Nebraska.

French scientists say dogs spre consumption.

Marseilles is about to build a $1,000,000 hospital.

Mexico ships mother-of-pearl sh to England.

Brazil's national debt is slight more than $997,000,000.

Liberia, in 1912, produced pounds of crude rubber.

A new gem called heliodor has b found in German South Africa.

More than 100,000 women pay ta in Michigan.

The cost of the navies of the wo last year aggregated $725,000,000.

Chinese bought 1,000,000 Bibles t first six months of this year.

The world is consuming more th 1,000,000 gallons of kerosene every d

There are 1,800,000 acres of la under cultivation in Orange Free Sta

The state manufacture of quin yielded Italy last year a profit of ab $180,000.

Cotton formed almost $11,000,000 Egypt's exports to Germany last ye

Wood is cut thin enough to be us as a substitute for wall paper by a cently patented process.

The United States has become t heaviest buyer of South African d monds.

Vancouver, British Columbia, h have a $400,000 factory for preserv milk.

Retail druggists of the United Sta have a volume of business exceed $500,000,000.

Hong Kong, last year imported 1 000 pounds of ginseng, nearly all fr the United States.

Young snakes are born with fa and poison bags in full perfection, a are dangerous even before they ta food.

Applying electrical currents to base of the brain, a Berlin physi has found a way to give sleep to sleepless.

More than 600,000 men are employ in working the railways of the Un ed Kingdom.

Ceylon produces nearly every p cious stone known with the excep of diamonds, emeralds, opals and t quoises.

Since 1820 nearly 31,000,000 immigra have landed in United States po In the last year 1,197,892 came.

Japan each year produces more th 260,000,000 bushels of rice, nearly 6 000,000 pounds of tea and more th 25,000,000 pounds of silk.

Hundreds of Seabirds killed by concussion produced by the firing big guns on warships during practi have recently been washed up on shores of Argyll.

Metal disks take the place of spo in a new wheel for heavy trucks, th diverging rims where they are bol to the felloes affording resistency.

Switzerland is about to establish largest national park in Europe. It in the canton of Grisons and has area of nearly 80 square miles.

There are 247 newspapers publis in South Africa, in which $7,500,00 invested. They give employment four thousand Europeans and 650 ored people.

It is believed that previous to ci zation baldness was unknown am American Indians. The uncivilized dian apparently is yet free from pe gra and almost immune from cancer.

Scotland does not produce ch hay for its own use. The source supply, apart from the domestic p duction, are Canada, the United S and Norway and Sweden.

Taken on the whole the south R sian grain crop is above the aver It might have been a record har but for the series of torrential ra storms and violent hailstorms.

Partly owning to heavy purchases cigarette tobacco the United State late has become Turkey's best c tomer, next to Great Britain, Fra ranking third and Germany fourth

As an additional safeguard agai icebergs one trans-Atlantic passe steamer is carrying a 72,000-ca power searchlight with an effec range of five miles.

The Texas owner of a large h believes he is the only man in United States who cultivates prickly pair, raising a 600-acre f of it annually and feeding his st the pods after removing the thorns.

Salt making by the evaporation sea water is the principal industry the Tuko and Calcos islands, and carried on at Grand Turk, Salt G and Cockburn Harbor, the latter b the principal settlement in the Ca islands.

The average quantity of grapes h annually in Spain for products ot than wine is estimated at 275,000 t of which about 77,000 tons are m into raisins, 28,000 tons of these b exported to foreign countries.

Pig iron production in Russia in 1 was the largest on record, being 4,2 000 metric tons, 593,000 tons grea than in 1911. The steel ingot output 1912 exceeded that for 1911 by 49 tons, being 4,418,000 tons.

California prune exports in the months ended pril 30, 1912, were 8 000,000 pounds and raisin exports 2 000,000 pounds, both being about 40 cent more than in the previous ye and about 100 per cent more than 1911.

In the wine region of Spain t method of treading the grapes everywhere about the same. T grapes are well spread out in the pr and barefooted men or men wear sandals or wooden soles shoes th them.

Seventy million dollars have be expended by the reclamation serv since the passing of the reclamati act in 1902, and $48,000,000 is availa for use in the next four years, ei cent of which will, in time, be return to the treasury, according to the r report of the secretary of the nation irrigation congress.

Thousands of tons of licorice ro an article that, by the natives ev erally, is esteemed a pest and wo than worthless, are annually gathe in Turkey for exportation to Amer for use in the manufacture of chew and smoking tobacco as well as flavoring confectionery and beer. business is largely controlled by American concern.

As an encouragement to furt prospecting and mining in the N gold field near the boundary line tween Alaska and Yukon territory American customs officials have cided not to establish a custom ho there for one year, believing that miners have already undergone ha ships enough in getting their ou there without having to pay duties.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

THE LAUNCH-OUT CLUB

By Martha Holden.

Ruth Cole had just set her last instalment of pickled peaches in a tidy, shining row on the shelf of her front closet. It was almost the last of her first year's canning, and never again in all her life was she so much to enjoy the spectacle of luscious fruit in all the forms of her own preserving.

There were jars of strawberry preserves, and pots of raspberry jam. There were glasses of currant jelly and green grape and crabapple. The quince was yet to be added, and also the late apple sauce. Ginger pears vied with peach butter in tempting tones of golden richness, and Ruth had never gazed upon so satisfactory a sight. It had meant hard and hot work, and many hours above the stove, and some nights of labor. But there was much joy therein, and she came out into the sunny kitchen, closing the door of the closet with an air of deepest content.

October sunshine, warm as June, was flooding the comfortable room; the red leaves of the woodbine swayed dreamily at the windows, where Ruth looked away to stretches of misty, garnered fields, and a stretch of white road, bordered now with flaming sumach and royal purple iron weed. Golden pumpkins dotted the fields, and the distant forests were splendid with gorgeous color.

It was not yet 10 o'clock in the morning, but Ruth's work was done, and she took a piece of sewing from her covered basket and sat down in the wooden rocking chair that stood in the sunny kitchen window.

She was scarcely seated before she heard a brisk step on the porch, and in came Lizzie Brisch.

"The Launch-Out Club's going to have a fall picnic," said Lizzie, "to get everybody enthused for work this winter."

"Good," replied Ruth. "Where'll it be?"

"At Brother Will's orchard cabin," said Lizzie, and then Ruth shouted with delight.

Dr. Will Brisch was a successful young physician of the country town, and he owned a small farm adjoining his father's. Here, during the summer he had built a log cabin. Arched gates led to a long driveway, at the end of which, amid the gnarled trees of an old orchard, stood the hospitable new-old home. For Dr. Brisch's cabin, while preserving the air of antiquity, combined therewith some of the joys of modernity.

You walked across its broad porch into a long living room, whose log walls were stained a soft green. At the end of the room was a deep fire place, at the other the rustic stair which led to a comfortable loft where four single beds were placed. Back of the living room was a kitchen, and a big screened porch used as a dining room. Above at the rear of the loft was a spacious bath room, for Dr. Will liked the comforts of civilization, and had established, at some cost and trouble, the necessary wind pumps and sewage to obtain it.

The kitchen was equipped with a sink and drain and running water. There was a cupboard, filled with a set of dishes of artistic pattern, and a cabinet full of white enamel cooking ware.

All about the house stood the old fruit trees, and Dr. Will could not, this year, boast of his apple crop. But he was not a farmer, so he didn't mind quite so much.

"It'll be the first house warming outside the family," said Lizzie "I asked Will if we couldn't come and have an old fashioned supper and sit around the big fire place. He's glad enough to have us, he and Hattie both."

"What am I to bring," asked Ruth.

"Baked beans," replied Lizzie, "and ideas for winter work. We want to have good times together, but not idle ones. There's too much needing to be done."

"That reminds me," said Ruth. "Don't you think it would be kind to give our minister's wife a canned fruit shower? You know she's been sick all summer, and hasn't a bit of fruit put up. Look at mine, and Ruth led the way proudly to her beloved storehouse.

"I'll call at every house up and down the road," said enthusiastic Lizzie; "and she'll get a shower, all right."

"Here's mine, then," said Ruth, choosing several bright parcels and following Lizzie out to her buggy. The cans were safely stored in newspaper wrappings, and Lizzie drove away to finish her task.

A few nights later, as Mrs. Brooks, the minister's tired little wife, was putting her baby to bed, she heard her husband calling her to come down stairs. Hastily hushing the child she descended, for his excited voice startled her.

"I went out on the porch," he explained, "and here these stood,—and they're all for us," he added.

Little Mrs. Brooks looked and looked again for there stood two bushel baskets filled with the treasures of a score of winter shelves. Tied to the handle of the baskets was this card, which the minister's wife could scarcely read through her tears: "A Love Token; from Goodness Knows Who."

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

"Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing that his spirit needs;
For every flower in others' pathway strewn
Confers its fragrance on our own."

Our Correspondents

Tell Vera Webb if she will write to H. J. Root, Medina, Ohio, she can get all the information she desires about bees.—E. T., Ill.

Juanita of the Mountains is now living in Coshocton, Ohio, and promises us a letter from there. She hopes all of the M. G. R.'s are well.

Will some one please tell me what will clear up a sallow complexion, remove blackheads and liver spots?—L. C., N. C.

Mrs. Harriet Elliott, Patridge, a sad and sick mother of Hunda, N. Y., is asking for news of her only son who disappeared eight years ago. His two daughters wish also to hear from him.

M. G. Price, Mosheim, Tenn., would like the music to Grandfather's Clock.

I have never seen a copy of the old song, "Lorena," published and sung so much in war times—during the sixties. I have the history and copy of the same and will furnish if you wish.—J. D. M.

We shall be glad to publish "Lorena" and her history.—M. H.

A Great Preacher

John Wesley.

John Wesley was born June 17, 1703, and died March 2, 1791. Among his last words were: "The best of all is, God is with us." He was buried between 5 and 6 o'clock on the morning of March 9, from City Road Chapel. He preached over 42,400 times, an average of 15 times per week. He gave away, during 50 years of his life, $150,000. He published about 200 volumes. He never lost a night's sleep in his life before his seventieth year. His favorite maxim was: "Always in haste, but never in a hurry." He never worried. He said: "Ten thousand cares are no more weight to my mind than 10,000 hairs to my head." Dr. Stevens says of him that he preached the "everlasting gospel oftener and more effectually than any other man for 1,600 years." The last open-air sermon preached was from the words: "The kingdom of God is at hand: repent ye, and believe the gospel." The last sermon preached was on Wednesday, February 23, 1791, from the text: "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." His last entry in his account book read: "For upward of 86 years I have kept my accounts exactly; I will not attempt to do it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can and give all I can—that is, all I have." Hester Ann Rogers, who was present at his death, thus wrote of the last scene: "The solemnity of the dying hour of that great and good man I believe will be ever written on my heart. A cloud of the Divine Presence rested on all; and while he could hardly be said to be an inhabitant of earth, being now speechless and his eyes fixed, victory and glory were written on his countenance and quivering, as it were, on his dying lips. No language can paint what appeared in that face! The more we gazed upon it, the more we saw of heaven unspeakable!"—Pacific Methodist Advocate.

We shall publish hereafter the condensed account each week of the life of some notable man or woman. I should be glad to have the boys and girls, or the children of a larger growth contribute these biographies. Tell us about your hero if you have one. MARTHA HOLDEN.

ETHICS IN MARRIAGE

Lillian Russell Talks of the Eugenic Idea

NOT long ago in a Massachusetts country town was celebrated a marriage by which two persons of prominence were united in wedlock.

The town clerk read the marriage contract and the bride and bridegroom had each prepared an eugenic-ethical marriage agreement which had a clause in it to the effect that each had consulted a physician and had been pronounced fit for parenthood.

It is a subject which until recent years has been discussed in whispers—the ethical engenic marriage—but which is now being heard by mixed audiences who have come to realize that with such an important subject as the condition of the race in the future false modesty must be set aside.

It has been said that there are three great events in the lives of men and women—birth, marriage, and death. Over but one of those events may personal control be exercised.

For centuries and centuries people have been marrying upon sentiment only. There is a meeting, a courtship, a promise—and marriage.

It is safe to venture that in only a small percentage of courtships does the subject of responsibilities of parenthood arise. It has been the custom to ignore this subject — it would be against the customary ethics to discuss something the world foolishly calls immodest.

Parents see their daughters go to men of whom they know little, except through the impressions they receive when they "called upon" the daughter.

And it must be admitted that the wooer is always setting his best foot forward. He is not advertising any qualities which may be to his disadvantage when he asks for the hand of a woman in wedlock.

Parents will exercise the greatest of care of their little girls. They shield them from the lightest of ailments; they regard even little drafts of air as enemies.

And then they give her blindly, unthinkingly, cheerfully, to some man who has won her love, and who by his general manner makes a good impression, but of whom, in most cases, they know little.

An ethical-eugenic marriage calls for a formal agreement upon the subject of being fitted for parenthood. There is much in this subject, which will be developed by a little reflection.

Were parents, and lovers, too, in the habit of looking into the future, they would certainly not consider a wedding without first considering the most important matter of whether both persons are fitted for marriage.

Sentiment is a beautiful thing. So is the emotions of love. But both sentiment and love have sacrificed countless millions of men and women in the history of the world.

No parents with natural regard for son or daughter would send them on a long journey through unchartered lands without the greatest misgivings. Why, then, should they be happy over the prospect of their marriage until they have made every provision for their future happiness. For certainly matrimony is an unchartered proposition.

There is a plain, simple, golden bit of advice that will be a priceless guarantee of happiness, if parents will heed it. To mothers I would say, talk sensibly and confidentially with your daughters. To father I would say, talk with your sons—and by all means with your prospective son-in-law.

Remember: In the prospect of a perfect day we sometimes forget the coming storm. In the prospect of coming happiness we often neglect to safeguard that happiness.

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WARNING TO GIRLS

The following warning to girls, issued by the National Vigilance Association of Scotland, is worthy of the serious attention of young girls in America going from home, especially from rural sections to the great cities of the United States.

Owing to thousands of innocent girls being led into great danger each year through ignorance, we would warn you:

1. Never speak to strangers, either men or women, in the street, in shops, in stations, in trains, in lonely country roads, or in places of amusement.

2. Never ask the way of any but officials on duty, such as policemen, railway officials or postmen.

3. Never loiter or stand about alone in the street, and if accosted by a stranger (whether man or woman) walk towards the nearest policeman.

4. Never consent to accompany a woman home who apparently faints in the street, but call a policeman, and leave the case to him.

5. Never accept a lift offered by a stranger, in a motor or taxi-cab, or vehicle of any description.

6. Never go to an address given by a stranger, or enter any house, restaurant, or place of amusement on the invitation of a stranger.

7. Never go with a stranger (however dressed) who brings a story of your friends having suffered from accident of being suddenly taken ill, as this is a common device to kidnap girls.

8. Never accept sweets, food, or drink offered by a stranger.

9. Never take a situation away from home and especially abroad, without first making strict inquiries.

10. Never go to any town, for even one night, without knowing of some safe lodging.

11. Never emigrate without first applying for information and advice to some person whom you can trust, such as your own minister.

POETS' CORNER

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "good-bye."

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting tonight on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near.
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

PATTER OF THE SHINGLE

(Parody on Rain Upon the Roof.)

By Robert J. Burdette.

When the angry passions gathering
In my mother's face I see,
And she takes me in the bedroom,
Gently lays me on her knee;
Then I know that I will catch it,
And my flesh in fancy itches
As I listen to the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle
Has an echo and a smart,
And a thousand burning fancies
Into active being start;
And a thousand bees and hornets
'Neath my coat-tails seem to swarm
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm!

In a sudden intermission,
Which appears my only chance,
I say, "Strike gently, mother,
Or you'll split my Sunday pants."
She hesitates a moment,
With the shingle poised aloft—
Then says: "I had not thought of that,
My son, just take them off."

Holy Moses and the angels
Look with pitying glances down,
And thou, oh, family doctor,
Put a good soft poultice on;
But may I with fools and dunces
Everlastingly commingle,
If I ever say another word
When my mother wields the shingle!

YOUR MISSION

If you cannot on the ocean sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rockin' on the highest billows, laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors, anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them, as they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley, while the multitudes go by,
You can chant in happy measure, as they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver, ever ready to command,
If you cannot toss the needy reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted, o'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple, sitting at the Savior's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest, there's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent, you can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded, you can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting for some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess, she will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard, do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor, you can find it everywhere.

LOTS OF TIME

Jewels.

Lots of time for lots of things
Though it's said that time has wings.
There is always time to find
Ways of being sweet and kind,
There is always time to share
Smiles and goodness everywhere.
Time to send the frowns away,
Time a gentle word to say.
Time for helpfulness, and time
To assist the weak to climb;
Time to give a little flower,
Time for friendship any hour;
But there is no time to spare
For unkindness anywhere.

POEMS WANTED

The Maple on the Hill.
Turkey in the Straw.
In Happy Moments.
Blessed Bible.

Will some one please send "The Model Church" to Mrs. Henry Williams, Rogers, Ohio?

He Gave Me a Rose.
The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.
Battleship Maine.

Me and Jim. If this poem is lengthy, please send direct to John Urguhart, Zepher P. O., Ontario, Can.

A Dream Visit to Sharpsburg Field.
A Southern Girl.
That Shelf Behind the Door.
Life's Railway to Heaven.
St. Peter at the Gate.

SUPERSTISHUS

By Burges Johnson.

Onct I went afishin' with a man what had a reel
An' fancy hooks an' catgut an' a fine pole made of steel;
He never got a single bite from early until late,
Just 'cuz he didn't take no stock in spittin' on th' bait.
Yes, he kin laff an' jeer, but where's his fish, I'd like to know?
Oh, I guess lots o' things is true 'at some folks say ain't so!

D'jever drop a horse-hair into th' wat'rin'-trough
An' leave it there for weeks an' weeks 'thout drainin' of it off?
An' if you use a human hair they say it only takes
Jes' half as long—but anyhow, it turns 'em into snakes!
An' ef a feller don't believe one half the things he hears
A darnin' needle comes along an' sews up both his ears!

Our cook, she's superstishus—she's scared as anythin'
If someone spills a little salt or don't pick up a pin.
An' when I was a kid I'd walk down to th' gate an' back,
An' think that I was poisoned if my foot stepped on a crack!
I know them things is silly—I cross my heart, I do—
But I guess lots o' things is so 'at some folks never knew!

MARY OF ARGYLE

I have heard the mavis singing
His love-song to the morn,
I have seen the dewdrops clinging
To a rose just newly born.
But a sweeter song has cheered me
At the evening's gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than a dewdrop on a rose.

Chorus.

'Twas thy voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless, winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

'Tho thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eyes their brightness, too,
Tho' thy step may lack its fleetness
And thy hair its sunny hue,
Still to me thou will be dearer
Than all the world shall own,
I have loved thee for they beauty,
But not for that alone.

ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it 's the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like the dew on gowan lyin'
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

SOLDIER'S DREAM SONG

Author Unknown.

'Tis a calm and beauteous night, love,
As my soldier's couch I spread
Where the stars are smiling down, love,
Thro' the trees above my head;
But my thoughts are far awa'' love,
Far away with home and thee—
And I know within my heart, love,
Thou art thinking now of me.

Chorus.

Yes, my tho'ts are far away, love—
Far away with home and thee;
And I know with'in my heart, love,
Thou art thinking now of me.

In the deep blue vaults of heav'n, love,
Seated at the golden throne,
Well I know the shining stars, love,
That we marked and called our own;
And thro' all the lonely night, love,
Ever turn my tho'ts to thee;
As it whispers to my heart, love,
Thou art thinking still of me.

Yes, through all the lonely night, love,
Ever turn my thoughts to thee;
As it whispers to my heart, love,
Thou art thinking still of me.

Ere the dawn of the coming day, love,
I may hear war's rude alarms;
And the stars of love and hope, love,
Set amid the clash of arms.
But in camp or bloody field, love,
Whatsoever my fate may be,
Still I'll know within my heart, love,
Thou wilt ever think of me.

Yes, in camp or bloody field, love,
Whatso'er my fate may be,
Still I'll know within my heart, love,
Thou wilt ever think of me.

THE COZY CORNER

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good Cheer.

WHERE'S THE REST OF IT.

G. P. B., Minn., asks for the remainder of the address, an extract of which he sends. What Cozy Corner reader will send it?

"To the thoughtful patriot, Washington day is one of the most sacred of our national anniversary. It was Washington's undismayed and patient leadership which maintained the independence the colonial congress declared. It was his broad statesmanship which shaped the constitution. It was his superb spirit that entered into our tradition and has swayed our policy as a people. Other American generals were as brilliant in battle, but Washington alone could conquer defeat. His strongest foes were not the invader, but hunger, nakedness and desertion within his own army, the bitter jealousy of his generals, the weakness of congress, the forgetfulness of the people, but he stood calm and unmoved through the darkest hour of war."

AN OPEN LETTER

The writer is a gay and gushing potuh of some 78 summers or thereabout. It has been our comfort to read The Blade ever since we were a school boy. We were born and raised in Switzerland county, Ind., upon the Ohio river, and we can truly say that we never yet read anything that it was forced to apologize for. It circulates in every state and territory of the Union. The sixth, or Peace Page, is the one where the young and rising generation can express sentiments that will convince its readers that they are on the right road to success. We can readily see at a glance that they are expanding the intellect. One writer says, "They that in writing would improve must first with writing fall in love." Let us encouage truthful writing to express our ideas; then we can lay them before its readers with courage and fidelity. It is a grand thing to be able to wear the shoes of Jefferson, Washington, Lincoln and Grant.

One writer in last week's issue mentions the beauties of the Ozark mountains. We were there in '61. After reading the Pometar river and climbing the spurs of the Ozark mountains we found a nice level plain, covered with forests. Indian summer was just setting in. Oh, the beauty of the leaves. Red, yellow and dozens of colors. Grapes, persimmon, red and black haws. When we came to a farm apples, plums and peaches were in every side of our route. One writer has said: "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a single step." How kindly that came to our mind. After we ceased enjoying the prospect of nature we took an inventory of our haversack and found the sum total hardtack. We would like to view the same country now.—L. B. Sayers.

A BLADE CONVERT

As I saw an invitation in this week's Blade for all mothers to write, and as I have thought many times about writing a letter to The Blade, I will now tell you I think I can truly be classed among the mothers, for I am a mother of 13 children, nine living and four dead. Does any one ask has our pathway been all roses? No; neither has it been all thorns. It has been truly said that life is what we make it. I suppose some would picture me an old woman having such a large family. But wait. I will tell you how my little girl eight years old pictured me in her mind. She was looking at me so earnestly one day I asked her what she was thinking, and she says "Every time I look at you I think you are just 16."

I have not done much in this life outside of my home and I sometimes wonder if there will be any stars in my crown. I have reared my children and had all control over them, my husband being from home during the day, and I have had people tell me time and again that I have the best children in the place. I have had my boys held up as an example for young men to follow. So I hope my life has not been spent in vain. And now I want to tell you all what this Dear Old Blade has done for me, if I can. Some years back my husband asked me if he had better subscribe for The Blade. Some friend of his was getting up a club and I told him it would be nice to have to lay on my cupboard shelves. At that time, dear friends, I was a regular crank and had not only spells of the blues, but had them nearly all the time. But when The Blade came something interesting caught my attention and I have been all attention ever since when The Blade arrives. In one sense, it has done more for me than all the preaching I had heard before I began reading it. It somehow made me see myself as I really was and through the reading of it I learned to banish the blues and look on the cheerful side of things and stop looking ahead for trouble. Some will take learning and some won't, you know, but I took it and how much I have been benefited it would be impossible to explain. My friends often tell me they guess I am always going to be young.—A Mother, Ritchie, W. Va.

A DESCRIPTION OF OKLAHOMA

We visited in Kansas some time ago, and people would ask questions that were very amusing about Oklahoma. I see very little difference in this part of Oklahoma and Kansas. Farther west in Oklahoma is just like Western Kansas, and farther east it is rough and rocky and not considered as healthful as here. All section lines here are main roads. We have school houses every two and one-half and three miles. Our district has paid the teacher $75 per month for the last six years. We have a fine high school in our small town near by. We have abundance of good soft water here, but there are some places where the water is hard and not very good. Almost every quarter here has a family living on it, so you see we have plenty of neighbors. This has been the dryest year since we've lived here. This is not considered a corn country, but there is lots of corn raised here. There is some corn this year if it is dry. The main crop is wheat. Lots of the wheat this year was fired and lots of it was injured by chinch bugs. There is also a great deal of cotton raised here. Apples do not do as well here as in the north, but peaches are immense. Fine large apples and Elberta peaches are selling for $1.00 a bushel. Most of the farmers milk and have separators. Land sells here for from $4,500 a quarter up, depending on location and improvements. The only Indians I have ever seen since living here have been in Enid and Guthrie. Automobiles are numerous.—A Reader, Marshall, Okla.

FOR MOTHERS

I have several reasons for wanting to write to this paper. First, I love it for its helpfulness, its truth, its creeds, and then, I want to ask some questions of the maturer women. I am a motherless girl left with the care of two little sisters. I want counsel and guidance from the mothers as to how to bring up these children, and how to conduct myself toward young men, that I may keep an honest name and marry honorably.—An Orphan. Address here.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman. And it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I wont wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week' till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line today, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 1075 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1909 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St. Toronto, Ont.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

WHO KNOWS THE DOODLE BUG?

I just came across a clipping I clipped out of The Blade many, many years ago. I would like to know if any of the Peace Page readers ever saw a doodle bug? I remember when I used to go to the woods in Pennsylvania when I was a girl. Close by old logs we children would get down and call Doodle, Doodle, and in a very short time would see the fine earth begin to move and up would come Doodle's horns. We would help him out, and thought it great fun for Doodle to come when we called him.

I send The Blade to three of my friends most every year. I aim to send it to those that are not able to take many papers and the shut-ins, all seem to be so thankful for it, as they find so much on the Peace Page to cheer them. The first thing I do when The Blade comes is turn to the Peace Page and look at the headings. One shut-in says she does enjoy letters from her old home states, Pennsylvania and Virginia. I enjoy the poetry as well as all the letters, especially those that tell about homes. One can learn so much about different places and states. I have almost fallen in love with Tennessee and Georgia from reading about them in the Peace Page. I would like to read more letters from Florida, as I would like to spend a winter there. I wish that girl that went to Florida last Christmas and regained her health, was going there this winter. I can't find the paper and have forgotten the town.—S. B. B., Kansas.

James Whitcomb Riley evidently knew the "Doodle Bug," for he has written a poem about it. Perhaps some reader will furnish it for our corner.—M. H.

FROM TALLAHASSEE

I write from the capital city of Florida.. I am one of the old vets of the uncivil war (for war has no civility about it). I have been on the east and west coasts, also beyond the south coast. Was 16 months in Cuba. I visited Catalena Island, Cal., and went out in a glass-bottomed boat to see the submarine garden. We also saw some large sea lions; one in particular had crawled up on a rock in the sun and was estimated to weigh 600 pounds. What beautiful goldfish were down among the marine flowers! I would like to hear directly from Home Comer in Blade of September 4, who has lived in Nevada, Missouri, and in Los Angeles two years and is now in Port Stockton, Texas. Tallahassee is located on a beautifully hilly spot for the state capital and two colleges are also on fine hills on the south and west sides of the city. The location on the south is for colored people; the one on the west is for white girls. The large liveoaks, with long, hanging moss, would be a novelty to many of your readers.—An Old-Timer.

AGAINST SLIT SKIRTS

Will you let a little farmer girl of 18 summers in your Merry-Go-Round? I live on a farm of 59 acres. We have all kinds of fruit. I have three brothers. One is older than I, and the other two are younger. I have no sister. I think the same as Miss of West Virginia about the slit skirts. I don't think that any girl who thinks anything of herself would wear the slit skirts on the streets, and I think the X-Ray skirts are just as bad as any. If the girls that wore the slit skirts and X-Ray skirts knew how the men talk about them, they would not come out in public looking so.—J. of Pennsylvania.

A TEACHER

I noticed there was a call for teachers' letters. I heave heard a great many people, and some of them teachers, too, say that teaching was all right as a stepping-stone to something better. I think those people need an awakening to the greatness of the teaching profession. I want to say there is nothing better than teaching. There is not a profession or vocation pursued by man that has as far reaching influence as teaching. No, not even the ministry. How careful we should be to learn something of the child's life by listening to his conversation at recess, by visiting his home and talking with him. Above all, know whom you teach and remember that every child is an individual. Have just as many methods as you have children. —Felix Jones.

Things Worth Knowing

To prevent berry, or juicy pies of any kind, from running out at the edges, bind the edge with a strip of old muslin, one and one-half inches wide. When the pie is done remove the muslin and you will have a perfect pie.

My young son used to have a great deal of trouble in getting his stockings pulled up smoothly over his underwear, and would always call me to help him. I solved this problem by sewing a short piece of white elastic, about a quarter of an inch wide, at the bottom of the leg of the underwear, tacking it on each side. The elastic slips underneath the foot and holds the leg down smoothly so that the stockings may be pulled up without any effort. I have used this several years and am still using it. Try it.

If hickory, burr oak and other swamp-loving trees were planted plentifully along banks of creeks and water courses everywhere, a plentiful supply of the most valuable timber in from 20 to 40 years would be assured. Small hickories make useful timber for wagon spokes, etc. The black walnut is most precious of all and grows rapidly near water, high water does them great good. Destroying the timber along the creeks and rivers was a great mistake; even little trees of timber varieties are ruthlessly chopped down, when the land they grow on is too close to the water to be of value for anything else. Let those who are trying to arouse farmers and others to improvements remember nothing is so necessary as raising timber; the sooner it is planted the better.—Herald and Presbyter.

BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR MOTTO:

All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

The Ashworths of Virginia.

I am a little girl eight years old. I live in North Carolina near the center of the state in Randolph county. Our county was named after the Randolphs of Virginia. Our county's capital is Ashboro, called in compliment to Gov. Samuel Ashe. My papa has taken the Blade for many years. He is 68 years old. My Grandpa Joel Ashworth took the Blade for many years. He lived to be 89 years old. He taught school 32 years. My papa has taught 38 years. The Ashworths came from Virginia and settled in this county. I love to read the children's letters in the Blade.—Rona Ashworth.

Likes The Blade.

I am a reader of the Blade and have been for some years. I enjoy reading the letters from boys and girls of my own state. I also take deep interest in the songs and poetry. I hope all young girls and boys may write to the Blade readers.—Fred L. Black, Sherman, R. F. D. No. 1, W. Va.

A Capable Girl.

As I have not seen a letter in the Blade from this part of Alabama I thought I would write one and describe this country a little.

We moved here from Hillsdale county, Michigan, two years ago this October. The first year we lived on a farm, but we have rented it and live in town now. This place is 11 or 12 miles from the Gulf of Mexico and about the same distance east of Mobile Bay. We raise sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, rice, sugar cane, peanuts, oranges and all other kinds of fruits and vegetables. This summer we had a volunteer watermelon vine come up in our garden on which grew about 150 pounds of melons. The three largest ones weighed 37, 31 and 30 pounds, respectively.

My hobbies are reading and sewing. I like to sew real well. I make all of my own clothes and some of my sister's. I am 15 years old. I hope to surprise my grandparents when they see this in the Blade.—Gertrude Flint, Foley, Ala.

Flood Echoes.

I am 14 years old and am in the eighth grade in a district school. There are 38 pupils in our school and only 40 seats. We have only one teacher. I live at a small station called Farrington. It is sometimes called Cobtown. At the time of the flood the water was up to our porch. We could get out of the yard no way but up the railroad. The river was three times as wide as it is now. Houses came down just as if they were on their foundations. When they hit the bridge they would break to pieces. Chairs and all kinds of things came out on the other side.

My hobbies are sewing, crocheting, embroidering and studying.—A Cobtown Friend.

Young America.

I am also a reader of The Blade and think it great. I live in a pretty village of about 400 inhabitants. I clerk during the summer and attend the high school at this place during the winter. We have a fine and up-to-date school and are looking forward to a new building in the spring. I will close, hoping to hear from some of my Blade girl and boy friends.—Gertrude Hubler, Young America, Ind.

An Oklahoma Boy.

The Blade has been in our home about 18 years, it seems almost like one of the family.

I live on a farm two and one-half miles from Altus. Cotton, oats and milo-maize are the principal crops. This is a very dry country. I was raised in east Tennessee, sixty-two miles north of Chattanooga and went to school at Grandview. Would be glad to hear from the east Tennessee girl again. She must be a Grandview pupil.—E. B. Stout.

From Indiana.

As I have never seen a letter from this part of Indiana I thought I would write. I live on a farm. The Syracuse & Milford railway runs right in front of our house, which carries marl from the Milford lake to the Syracuse cement plant. My father has the foremanship of this railroad. I have two brothers and one sister younger than I am and one sister older, who is going to high school. She likes school, but I would rather sew. I graduated from common school in the spring, but am not going to high school. I will be 15 years old October 4 and would like some birthday or scenery cards. I will answer what I can of them. I will close, hoping to see this in print.—Gladys Belle Bowser, Syracuse, Ind., R. F. D. No. 5.

Have you ever thought, dear Gadys, that you can sew all your life, but you can only go to high school in your youth? Get all the school training possible; it will mean much to you in after-life.—M. H.

SHORT AND SWEET

Venia Kirk, Allister, W. Va., asks a postcard shower on her birthday, Sept. 18.

May Creager, South Olsetic, N. Y., sends two wanted poems. She is 11 years old and used to live in Sydney.

Please send cards to Miss Gladys Young, 34 Brownell street, Chillicothe, Ohio, for her birthday, Oct. 3.—N. N., of Ohio.

Herman Ledletter, Caney Spring, Tenn., is a young farmer who likes his work and The Blade, and will exchange postcards.

I received several cards and letters for which I wish to thank the senders and I will answer very soon. I live on a farm of 225 acres, with my mamma and papa and two brothers. I am going to school this winter. I am in the eighth grade. I am 15 years old.—Evelyn Wortman. Chandlersville, Ohio.

BEAUTIFUL RUGS FOR ONE-THIRD OFF

Extraordinary Bargains now in high-grade rugs. All dependable, guaranteed qualities. All sizes. If you have been waiting for a rug at a bargain price, don't wait another minute. Send now—at once—for our Catalog of Rugs and Carpets, offered at prices one-third less than local prices. All rugs and carpets positively guaranteed for wear, satisfaction and service or your money and freight charges promptly refunded. Our large assortment is strictly new and up-to-date. Every new design and pattern included, and our low prices will make you wonder. Write to-day—sure—and ask for Special Rug and Carpet Catalog. Mailed free.

W. & H. Walker, 4767 Herr's Island, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MOTTOES FOR BOYS

The School of Printing at the North End, Boston, produces large cards, suitable for framing, bearing effective mottoes for a boy's life today. Here are some of them. Framed they would make good decorations for the walls of a boy's room or boys' club. Written or printed on a card and stuck in a boy's bureau, they would suggest good things to think about. One advantage of them is that they do not preach in the ways that boys dislike, but do put their lessons in ways that boys would remember:

"The boy who does the little thing well is making himself ready to do the big thing better."

"Blessed is the boy who has found his trade and gets busy."

"What a blessed thing it is to be able to turn up cheerfully after one has been turned down."

"Be a live wire and you won't get stepped on; it is the dead ones that are used for door mats."

"Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully."

"Unfortunately a swelled head does not hurt as much as a swelled thumb."

"A friend is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same."

"Burning the candle at both ends is a poor way to make both ends meet."

"Come in without knocking and don't knock when you go out."

WOMAN A GREAT SUFFERER

Tells How She Was Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Grayville, Ill.—"I was a great sufferer of female complaints for a year and I got nothing that helped me until I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was irregular and had cramps so bad that I had to go to bed. Now I have better health than I have had for years and I cannot speak too highly of your medicine."—Mrs. JESSIE SCHAAR, 413 Main St., Grayville, Ill.

Case of Mrs. Tully.

Chicago, Ill.—"I take pleasure in writing to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered with such awful periodic pains, and had a displacement, and received no benefit from the doctors. I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am now as well as ever."—Mrs. WILLIAM TULLY, 2052 Ogden Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2 Ask only one question, that is there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE

Will the Bureau please print a history of the Mountain Meadow Massacre?—I. A. M., Missouri.

On the 11th of September, 1857, an emigrant party numbering about 140, was journeying peacefully through Utah on their way to California, when they were suddenly attacked by a horde of savages, ostensibly Indians, at Mountain Meadow. Although taken by surprise, they kept their assailants at bay for five days, and were finally conquered only by treachery. They were induced by John D. Lee, who represented himself as a friend and mediator, to lay down their arms and return to the east on the understanding that their lives would be spared. Guided by Lee, the emigrants started on their return journed September 15, 1857, but they were soon attacked from ambush and all but 17, these children under seven years of age, were murdered. The Mormons were accused of the massacre, but for many years persisted in charging it to the Indians, but in 1875 evidence of the complicity of the Mormons was discovered and an investigation was ordered by the United States government, which indicated the guilt of Lee, who was arrested and tried for the offense. Every effort was made by the wealthy Mormon Church to save Lee, but after two years of delay on legal technicalities, on March 23, 1877, he was taken to the scene of the massacre and shot.

THE MOUND BUILDERS

Please tell what you can of the Mound Builders.—S. A. C., Marengo, Ohio.

Mound Builders is a general term popularly applied by antiquarians and ethnologists to the aboriginal race of people residing in the American continent, and by whom the various earthworks called Indian mounds, forts, etc., were constructed.

The architectural remains of the mound builders are to be found in each of the grand divisions of the continent. That portion of the United States which lies between the Appalachians and Rocky Mountains presents in three groups at once the oldest and rudest monuments of by-gone times; the first group extending from the Allegheny to the waters of the Missouri; the second occupying the Mississippi valley; and the third stretching from South Carolina to Texas. These several groups consist of numberless mounds, and circumvallations of earth and stone—1,500 of the latter and 10,000 of the former, being said to exist in Ohio alone. The erection themselves range from 5 to 30 feet in eight while the areas enclosed vary from 20 to 40 acres and one in Arkansas is said to embrace a square mile. Whether these colossal structures were intended for worship or defense, it is impossible to decide; more probably however, they were of military character, provided with cisterns for water.

GAME LAWS OF MICHIGAN

Kindly publish the game laws of Michigan.—H. E. S., Cedar Springs, Michigan.

The open seasons for game in Michigan are as follows: Deer, November 10 to December 1, with the exception of deer in red coat and fawn in spotted coat, and all deer in Berrien, Calhoun, Genesee, Ingham, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Oakland and St. Clair counties, which are protected until November 10, 1920, and on Bois Blanc Island until 1918. There is no open season on elk, moose or caribou. Rabbit, from September 1 to March 2; squirrel, protected until October 15, 1915; quail, pheasants, black game, capercaillzie, hazel grouse, wild turkey, protected until November 1, 1917; ruffed grouse, spruce hen, woodcock, October 1 to December 1; no open season on pinnated grouse, European partridge, dove or swan; plover, snipe, yellow legs, duck, goose and brant, September 1 to December 16; rail, coot, gallinule, September 15 to December 1.

A resident license fee of $1.50 is required for deer, and one of $1 is required for small game, but not in county of residence or of landowners, their minor children or employes hunting on their own land.

PENSION LAW OF 1912

Will you kindly oblige a reader by quoting the pension law of 1912?—M. L. N., Bedford, Ky.

Congress at its second session in 1912 passed the following act increasing the pensions of veteran Union soldiers:

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled; that any person who served 90 days or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late Civil war, who has been honorably discharged therefrom, and who has reached the age of 62 years or over, shall, upon making proof of such facts, according to such rules and regulations as the secretary of the interior may provide, be placed upon the pension roll and be entitled to receive a pension as follows: In case such person has reached the age of 62 years and served 90 days, $13 per month; six months, $13.50 per month; one year, $14 per month; one and a half years, $14.50 per month; two years, $15 per month; two and a half years, $15.50 per month; three years or over, $16 per month. In case such person has reached the age of 66 years and served 90 days, $15 per month; six months, $15.50 per month; one year, $16 per month; one and a half years, $16.50 per month; two years, $17 per month; two and a half years, $18 per month; three years or over, $19 per month. In case such person has reached the age of 70 years and served 90 days, $18 per month; six months, $19 per month; one year, $20 per month; one and a half years, $21.50 per month; two years, $23 per month; two and one-half years, $24 per month; three years or over, $25 per month. In case such person has reached the age of 75 years and served 90 days, $21 per month; six months, $22.50 per month; one year, $24 per month; one and a half years, $27 per month; two years or over, $30. That any person who served in the military or naval service of the United States during the civil war and received an honorable discharge, and who was wounded in battle or in line of duty and is now unfit for manual labor by reason thereof, or who from disease or other causes incurred in the line of duty resulting in his disability is now unable to perform manual labor, shall be paid the maximum pension under this act, to wit, $30 per month, without regard to length of service or age.

That any person who has served 60 days or more in the military or naval service of the United States in the war with Mexico and has been honorably discharged therefrom, shall, upon making like proof of such service, be entitled to receive a pension of $20 per month.

All of the aforesaid pensions shall commence from the date of filing the applications in the bureau of pensions after the passage and approval of this act: Provided that pensioners who are 62 years of age or over and who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the bureau of pensions, may, by application to the commissioner of pensions, in such form as he may prescribe, receive the benefits of this act; and nothing herein contained shall prevent any pensioner or person entitled to a pension from prosecuting his claim and receiving his pension under any other general or special act: Provided, that no person shall receive a pension under any other law at the same time or for the same period that he is receiving a pension under the provision of this act; provided further, that no person who is now receiving or shall receive a greater pension under any other general or special law, than he would be entitled to receive under the provisions herein shall be pensionable under this act.

Sec. 2. That rank in the service shall not be considered in applications filed hereunder.

Sec. 3. That no pension attorney, claim agent or other person shall be entitled to receive any compensation for services rendered in presenting any claim to the bureau of pensions, or securing any pension, under this act, except in qualifications for original pension by persons who have not heretofore received a pension.

Sec. 4. That the benefits of this act shall include any person who served during the late civil war, or in the war with Mexico, and who is now or may hereafter become entitled to receive pension under the act of June 27, 1890; February 15, 1895, and the joint resolutions of July 1, 1902, and June 28, 1906, or the acts of January 29, 1887; March 3, 1891, and February 27, 1897.

MARRIAGE BETWEEN COUSINS

Please give the names of the states in which the marriage of cousins is forbidden.—E. H., Indiana.

Marriage between first cousins is forbidden in Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Please give some information about the Oneida Community.—E. T., Edmore, Mich.

The Oneida Community is a settlement of communists at Oneida, New York, sometimes called Perfectionists. The community was founded in 1847 by John Humphrey Noyes. He had originally formed a small settlement of his fellowmen at Putney, Vermont, in 1838. During the first 10 years the settlement made slow progress, but eventually became very successful as a result of numerous industries and manufactories. The community followed a complex marriage system, there being no ceremonies or permanent ties between couples and the community assumed all responsibility in the support and education of children. Outside opposition arose and the marriage system was abolished in 1879. The community then reorganized and a joint stock company was organized in 1881. The co-operative plan was followed in financial and domestic matters. In 1882 the community had property valued at 600,000. Since the reorganization branch manufactories have been established at Niagara Falls, Sherril and Kenwood, N. Y., and in 1903 the total valuation of community property was said to exceed $2,000,000. There are upward of three hundred persons in the community.

GARFIELD'S NOMINATION

Please give an explanation of the circumstances surrounding Garfield's nomination for the presidency.—R. E. J. X., Arizona.

In the Republican national convention of 1880 James A. Garfield headed the Ohio delegation. In an eloquent speech he nominated John Sherman of Ohio for the presidency. Garfield's reasons for opposing Grant being due to his objection to a third term. Conkling of New York made the attempt to pledge every delegate of the convention to support the nominee of the convention whoever he might be, and when the delegates from West Virginia voted against his resolution he moved that they be expelled. Garfield took up their cause and Conkling withdrew the motion. On the thirty-third ballot Grant had 306 votes, the remaining 400 being among Blaine, Edmunds and Washburne. Garfield's name was then proposed as a compromise and on the thirty-fourth ballot Wisconsin cast 36 votes for him. Delegation after delegation came over to his support and on the thirty-sixth ballot Garfield was nominated with 399 votes. His nomination was then unanimous.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. C. V., Lisbon, O.—Edison's talking moving pictures are now in use.

J. N. M., Sanoma, W. Va.—Indianola is a town in Iowa. We can tell you nothing of the origin of the name.

J. R., Knotville, Iowa—July 18, 1889, came on Thursday.

M. L., Van Wert, O.—The questions you ask should be submitted to a lawyer. The Bureau cannot undertake to answer them.

E. P., Douglas, Mich.—We are unable to tell you of the origin of the name of Lake Ticala.

Sweet Clover in Kentucky

Mt. Olivet, Ky., Advance.

AWAY back in 1883—just 30 years ago—when the writer had but recently gone to housekeeping in a little "martin box" on the hillside at Bridgeville, one hot August Sunday afternoon a violent storm of wind and rain drove a tall, spare old gentleman into our contracted quarters to shelter from its fury.

After the storm had subsided we sat on the little front porch and became engaged in conversation. Observing his buggy filled with what had long regarded as a roadside weed we interrogated him as to his purpose in loading up with this worthless specimen of the plant world, it being neither pretty nor useful.

Our visitor told us this was a legume called Melilotus, but more commonly known as sweet clover, and which was destined to become the salvation of the then deeply gullied hillsides of Robertson county, and which would, when the knowledge of agricultural methods were better understood, be widely grown.

This man proved to be John Harvey Walton, who owned a fine farm out near the Germantown fair grounds, where nature had made the soil rich without the use of either legume or fertilizers.

He had for some time been regarded as somewhat daffy, and when our guest drove away we told our better half that if anything else were required to prove his lack of sanity this prophecy would be ample evidence.

This man has long since moldered back to mother earth, for the nourishment of which he had given thought and expression. The then indifferent pupil he had attempted to instruct has lived to see his prophecy amply fulfilled. Lands that at that time were demed waste and absolutely past redemption he has since seen produce $200 per acre, and all because of the good effect of this nitrogen gathering "weed."

Down at Falmouth an immense seed house has just been completed in which to store sweet clover seed, the market for which is becoming nation-wide.

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS IN OCTOBER

OF all the months of the year October is perhaps the most interesting to the watcher of the skies, for it is in this month that the most brilliant of all the constellations make their appearance in the evening heavens. Ever since last June, when the bright Leo disappeared in the west, the large, faint, summer groups have dominated the southern sky, the beautiful Scorpion being the only really bright constellation in this part of the heavens. But this interesting group has now entirely disappeared, while the Serpent, the Archer, the very large Serpent Holder, and the Hunter, with its fiery Arcturus, are all half withdrawn from the evening sky.

Meanwhile, just beginning to mount the heavens in the east, we see the great winter group of Taurus, with its two beautiful little figures known as the Pleiades and the Hyades, of which the former is the most celebrated star group of all. As the days of the month go by we may notice that these eastern stars are continually climbing upward; by the end of the month we will find the Pleiades half way to the zenith in the early evening, while, below them, the magnificent groups of Orion and the Twins will be seen just entering the evening sky.

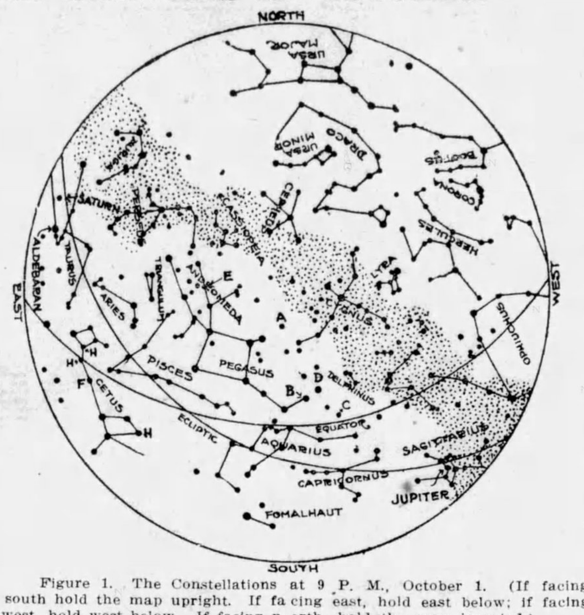

Figure 1. The Constellations at 9 P. M., October 1. (If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east, hold east below; if facing west, hold west below. If facing north, hold the map inverted.)

The Pleiades.

Not only are there innumerable legends connected with the stars of the Pleiades and not only have their appearance and withdrawal served for many centuries as a guide to the agriculturist, but in many nations the construction of an exact calendar and the fixing of the seasons has been based upon their changing position with reference to the sun.

In the telescope, or even to the naked eye, they are a beautiful and striking little group. With the eye alone it will at once be seen that the little dipper is outlined by six bluish stars, while if the observer possesses unusual eyesight, and if the air is unusually still and clear, from two to five additional stars may be detected. With an opera glass nearly one hundred may be seen, while on a sensitive photographic plate the number is increased to more than two thousand. It is certain that this remarkable aggregation of stars is quite a compact cluster of suns, far out in the depths of space; from a spectroscopic study of the light of these suns it is found that they are strikingly alike in constitution and physical condition.

The stars of the Pleiades are so far away from us that their distance cannot be measured directly. From a study of their drift over the face of the sky, however, it is estimated that they are probably so far away that their light occupies about 250 years in making the journey from them to us. If this is approximately correct their brightest star, Alcyone, shines on its sister stars with a brightness about 83 times as great as that with which the Dog Star shines on us, and it follows also that this distant object is nearly 1000 times brighter than our own sun.

The October Stars.

The most conspicuous star figure in the southern sky is now the Great Square of Pegasus, whose upper left hand star forms the lower limit of the great constellation of Andromeda. The possessor of a small telescope should not fail to examine the double stars at A, B, and C, Figure 1; that at A is a very easy and beautiful object; that at B shows a fine contrast of color, the larger star being yellow and the fainter one violet, while the double at C, though more difficult in a small telescope, is, when well seen, a scarcely less striking object, the larger star here being white and the smaller one blue. At D there is an interesting star cluster, and at E is the well-known Great Nebula of Andromeda.

In the southeast, below the Great Square, we now see the long, faint group Cotus, or the Sea Monster, of which the stars marked H are all interesting double stars. But the most striking object of this constellation is the wonderful variable star, Mira, at F, which every eleven months shines out with a brightness many thousands of times greater than usual. It may be remembered how conspicuous this object was for a few weeks last April, while now it is only of about the ninth magnitude, and so is far too faint to be detected with the eye. It is expected to reach its greatest faintness on next November 20, after which it will again begin to steadily brighten.

But the most interesting arrival in our evening heavens is undoubtedly the beautiful planet Saturn, which may be seen shining out in the east at almost exactly the same height from the ground as the bright Aldebaran, the brightest of the stars of

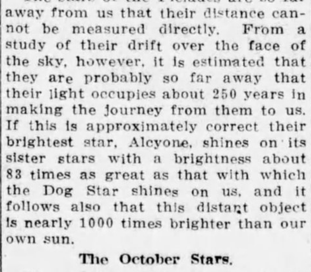

Figure 2. The stars of the Pleiades as seen in a very small telescope.

the Hyades. The planet is now two and one-half times brighter than the star and its golden radiance contrasts strongly with the reddish color of the latter body.

The Planets in October.

Toward the end of the month Mercury approaches its greatest distance east from the sun, but at this time it will be so far south in the sky that it will always set less than one hour after sunset, and so can scarcely be detected in the twilight glow.

Venus remains the bright morning star, and though it is now rapidly receding from the earth and therefore growing fainter it is still a most brilliant object, shining with no less than 57 times the brightness of a standard first magnitude star. The planet will at once attract the attention of the observer if he will face due east on any October morning not earlier than two hours before sunrise. On the morning of October 25 Venus will pass north of the bright star Regulus; the two objects will then be separated by a distance not greater than one-half the apparent distance across the face of the moon, and they will form a striking and interesting figure in the morning sky.

Mars is rapidly drawing nearer our evening heavens; on October 1 it will rise in the east at about 10:30 o'clock P. M., but by the end of the month it will appear one hour earlier. This planet and the earth are steadily drawing nearer together, their distance apart diminishing from 106 millions to 83 millions of miles during the month. The brightness will increase during this interval one and one-half times. But the planet will not be in its most favorable position for observation until a few minutes have elapsed.

Jupiter may still be well observed in the very early evening, but this is the last month of the present year when it can be seen. It is now low in the southwest in the constellation Sagittarius, just above the inverted bowl of the little Milk Dipper.

Saturn has now entered our evening sky, to remain with us throughout the autumn and winter, not finally withdrawing in the west until next May. This will be found a most beautiful object in the telescope. The wonderful ring system is widely opened out; as both the earth and the sun are now far below the plane of the rings these can be seen to excellent advantage.

The Occultation of the Pleiades.

If the observer will turn to the Pleiades at about an hour after midnight of October 17 he will see that the moon is drawing very near this little group of stars. Unfortunately none of the six brightest stars of the group will be hidden as viewed from the vicinity of Washington, but our satellite will be seen to pass very near them, and with a small telescope the occultation of many of the outlying fainter stars may be observed. The moon is so very near the earth that its apparent path among the stars changes its position greatly as the observer changes his position on the earth. It is therefore not possible to indicate the course of the moon's center on Figure 2 for observers in all different parts of our country. But by noticing the position of the moon with reference to the group of stars soon after midnight (Eastern standard time), and remembering that the moon moves eastwards a distance equal to its own diameter in about one hour, the observer can readily estimate what stars will be hidden as viewed from his station and about the times when their occultations will take place. Not only their sudden disappearance at the bright edge of the moon but also their reappearance, one after another, at the dark edge, forms a most interesting phenomenon for observation.

When the moon has drawn near the Pleiades it will be noticed that there is plenty of room for her round disc to be contained within the bowl of the dipper, between Alcyone and Electra. There are few observers who, if looking at the Pleiades when the moon is not in this part of the heavens, would not feel certain that the disc of our satellite covers an area of the sky far larger than that occupied by this group of stars.

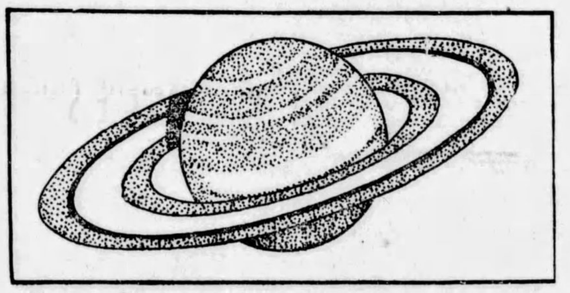

Figure 3. Telescopic view of the planet Saturn. The rings are now seen even more widened than shown in this figure.

HADES, HOT OR COLD?

MANY tribes or nations since the world began have had no religious idea at all of a heaven. But there is, perhaps, not one that has not had a well defined, not to say lurid, notion of hell.

And these ideas of hell—of hades, of sheol, of the place of punishment—are as varied as the names it goes by.

Apart from the theory of a burning pit of brimstone full of vomiting, screaming souls, who must burn forever, there have been dozens of others. Oddly enough people who live in southern countries have always inclined to a belief in a red-hot hell, while among the Eskimos and other Arctic races the notion of hell is a place of utter and unrelieved cold, where persons who have with difficulty fought off cold throughout all their moral lives must endure horrible, icy chills throughout all eternity.

In ancient Egypt hell was painted as a desert alive with serpents, ghosts and hideous monsters and swayed by intolerable heat and thirst. Every people picking out their own hell the type of place that seemed to them most unpleasant, it was but natural that the Egyptian hell should have been a desert, thirsty, hot and snake-strewn.

The Hindus also preached a monster-filled hell paved with glowing coals and beset with pits of bubbling, boiling oil. A bed of fire and food consisting of molten metal were side features of this.

In Assyria it was believed the souls of sinners lived on dry dust in a black cavern and sometimes flitted back to earth as vampires.

The Chinese believed there were no less than six hells of varying horrors. On the red-hot floor of one of these crawled deadly scorpions. The Greeks and Romans told of a dark, gloomy place far under the earth where sinners performed various wearisome feats, such as bailing out the sea with a sieve or forever rolling a hugh rock uphill, etc.

Old Omar Khayyam was apparently almost the only man of ancient days to voice so modern a theory as "My soul returned to me and answered, 'I myself am heaven and hell!'"

The Scandinavians feared an ice-bound, pitch black region where wolves ravened and serpents stung. The ancient Hebrew writers declared hell was 184,000,000 times as large as this earth—surely a commodious and roomy dwelling-place for a whole worldful of sinners and arranged with expectation of a large population.

The early English believed in a hell alternately horribly hot and bitter cold—and this before New York's climate was known.

The Moslems, through the Koran, are told of a hell full of "flameless smoke and smokeless flame," whose inmates "shall be dragged into hell by their forelocks and their feet, and there shall be cut out for them garments of fire."

These are but a few of the more vivid and lurid conceptions of a place of torment for evildoers. With such horrors before them, it is a wonder all the world's inhabitants were not scared into goodness centuries ago.

Jude Johnson's Great Love.

Atchison Globe.

Jude Johnson was fined $100 in police court the other morning for using a hatchet on his wife.

"Why did you do it?" asked Judge White.

"Because I loved her so," replied Jude, as he tried to shed a tear.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy

Trial Package Mailed Free to Any Sufferer.

If you have catarrh of the head, nose, throat; if catarrh has affected your hearing; if you sneeze, hawk or spit; if you take one cold after another; if your head feels stopped-up; you should try this Remedy discovered by Dr. Blosser, who has made a specialty of treating catarrh for over thirty-nine years.

This Remedy is composed of herbs, flowers and seeds possessing healing medicinal properties; contains no tobacco, is not injurious or habit-forming; is pleasant to use and perfectly harmless to man, woman or child.

Catarrhal germs are carried into the head, nose and throat with the air you breathe—just so the warm medicated smoke-vapor is carried with the breath, applying the medicine directly to the diseased parts. If you have tried the usual methods, such as sprays, douches, salves, inhalers and the stomach-ruining "constitutional" medicines, you will readily see the superiority of this Smoking Remedy.

Simply send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton st., Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you a free package containing samples of the Remedy for smoking in a pipe and made into cigarettes, together with an illustrated booklet which goes thoroughly into the subject of catarrh. He will send by mail, for one dollar enough of the medicine to last about one month.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, September 29.

SENATE—Nominations of Henry Wade Rogers, dean of the Yale Law School, as United States circuit judge for the second circuit and Byron R. Newton, as assistant secretary of the treasury, were confirmed. Senator Kern secured unanimous consent for adjournment until Wednesday. Senate and House conferees agreed to conference report on the tariff bill, Republicans withholding approval. Samuel Untermyer, before the banking committee, gave his views on currency legislation.

Adjourned until Wednesday.

HOUSE — Representative Underwood, the Democratic leader, presented the conference report on the tariff bill. It will be taken up and debated today.

Tuesday, September 30.

SENATE—Not in session. The banking and currency committee continued hearings on the administration currency bill. The appropriations committee considered the deficiency appropriation bill.

HOUSE—The house convened at 11 a. m. and spent the entire day considering the tariff conference report. The conference report was agreed to as it came from the conference committee by a vote of 254 to 103. By a vote of 171 to 161 it was agreed to concur in the Clarke cotton futures amendments with an amendment, the latter being the substitute proposal offered by Chairman Underwood. Chairman Garrett announced that the lobby committee report would be withheld until the regular session unless assurance is given of a full attendance of members to receive the report when it is ready. Representative Thompson reintroduced his resolution in privilege form calling on the department of justice for information relative to the alleged illegal retention and development of California oil lands by the Southern Pacific Railway Co.

Adjourned until Thursday.

Wednesday, October 1.

SENATE—By a vote of 33 to 6 the Democratic caucus agreed to adopt the conference report on the tariff bill. Senator Clarke's proposition to tax cotton futures will be receded from, and the substitute of the house disagreed to. This means that the entire proposition will be eliminated. The President submitted a number of nominations, including Col. Kingman to be chief of engineers, and a long list of postmasters. The banking and currency committee continued hearings on the administration currency bill. The appropriations committee accepted the house provision in the deficiency bill abolishing the commerce court and legislating the judges out of office. The appropriations committee agreed to an amendment appropriating $25,000 for the expenses of the special memorial bridge commission. Passed bill increasing the limit of cost of the federal building at Augusta, Ga., from $250,000 to $325,000.

HOUSE—The house was not in session. The elections committee heard testimony in connection with the charges against Representative Whaley of South Carolina, and decided to postpone further action in the matter until December. The banking and currency committee authorized Chairman Glass to appoint a subcommittee to make a study of rural credits and agricultural laws.

Thursday, October 2.

SENATE.—The appropriations committee reported the urgent deficiency appropriations bill with an amendment removing deputy United States marshals and deputy internal revenue collectors from the civil service. The measure indorses the house proposal to abolish the commerce court. Nine bills authorizing bridges over navigable streams were passed. An attempt was made to pass the Hetch Hetchy bill, but it was put aside. The tariff bill conference report was adopted by a vote of 36 to 17. It was voted to disagree to the house cotton futures tax amendment and recede from the Clarke amendment adopted by the senate, thereby eliminating the cotton futures tax entirely from the tariff bill. The banking and currency committee heard middle west and southern bankers on currency reform legislation. The commerce committee agreed to report favorably the seamen's involuntary servitude bill.

HOUSE.—Various measures looking to investigation of vocational education questions were discussed. Representative Moore introduced a bill making the first Sunday in June of each year Fathers' Day.

Friday, October 3.

SENATE—Took up urgent deficiency appropriation bill. Vice president signed tariff bill.

HOUSE—Agreed to tariff bill conference report as submitted from the senate. Speaker Clarke signed the bill. Adjourned until noon Tuesday.

Saturday, October 4.

SENATE — Resumed consideration of urgent deficiency bill, discussing feature abolishing commerce court. Currency bill under discussion in committee.

HOUSE—Not in session; meets Tuesday.

The Old Santa Fe Trail.

Baltimore Sun.

Our congratulations to the women of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, who have finally succeeded in marking the old Santa Fe trail from the beginning to the end. The Daughters of the Revolution justify themselves and their organization by such works as this.

The old Santa Fe trail! Mention of it brings to mind pictures of buffalo herds and Indians and bulging prairie schooners, drawn by six and eight-horse teams and heavily laden with merchandise; it suggests trappers and pioneers and fighters, Daniel Boone and Kit Carson and Moses Austin. Along it moved home hunters and empire builders, gold seekers and merchandisers, mountain men and history makers. The vigor of a new world was in their blood, high hope cleared the path before them. That gold was the lure to most of them in no wise clouds the heroic atmosphere hanging over their memories. All of us seek eldorados of one sort or another, and frequently we find them in other forms than those which our imagination had pictured. Doubtless those who sought gold in the mines at the end of the trail or by trafficking with the Mexicans at Santa Fe found their chief return, in the end, in the physical upbuilding, the contact with their fellows and the mental stimulation of the quest. It isn't the treasure but the search that counts; it isn't the goal but the striving, as various poets and

Cost of Balkan War

New York Times

IF WE silently admit that "money is the root of all evil," we might as an afterthought quickly add: "And it might be the root of a great deal of good, also." Comparing the amount of money that is spent annually in maintaining peace in the civilized world, and figures of money and life sacrificed in modern warfare with money spent to advocate universal peace, we must come to the conclusion that the peace movement must spend more money in its campaign work to assure ultimate success.

The war correspondent of the Corriera della Sera places at our disposal interesting data from the recent Balkan wars. According to this statement, in the first war of Bulgaria 350,000 men were mobilized. From this number 80,000 were lost, with an expenditure of $240,000,000. Greece had mobilized 150,000 men, of whom 10,000 were killed. The expenses were $60,000,000. Servia sent 250,000 soldiers to war, of whom 30,000 fell on battlefields with $124,000,000 spent. Montenegro furnished 30,000 soldiers, of whom 5,000 had to be sacrificed, with $3,200,000 spent. Turkey sent 450,000 men to fight and lost 100,000 soldiers. The loss in money amounted to $322,000,000.

In the second Balkan war Bulgaria lost 60,000 men, with expenditures of $144,000,000. Servia lost 40,000 soldiers, expenditure $80,000,000. Together with the loss suffered by cholera and other diseases the grand total of men and money sacrificed in the Balkan wars amounts to 400,000 men and $1,400,000,000, approximately.

If such enormous amounts of money are spent for wars, the anti-war movement must spend accordingly, advocating peace in a more elaborate manner. The best speakers and best papers should be enlisted in this campaign at all costs. The campaign should be permanent and persevering. I dare say the suffragettes make more headway with their cause than the peace advocates with their most vital question. They need not worry about the money part of it. That would be forthcoming if the good work started right and kept up in a proper manner and on a large scale.

Omission.

Chicago News.

Teacher—"Mabel, in making your 's' you have omitted something. What is it?"

Little Mabel—"Oh, I forgot to put the eyebrows over them."

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OOSEVELT URGES ROGRESSIVES ON

arting for South Amer-a, Addresses 4,000 at Farewell Banquet.

w York, Oct. 4.—"We shall enter unted as a national party on an- national campaign."

We shall never rest content until single principle enunciated by Progressive party is put into prac- operation by the nation."

is emphatically a fight for our try. I would continue to fight even stood entirely alone."

foregoing represents the spirit e address delivered by Col. Roose- last night to 4,000 persons gath- at the farewell dinner to the el on the eve of his departure to America.

ke his South African trip, the American journey is undertak- ith the colonel proposing to make e of many aspects aside from pleasure of it. His chief interest ably lies in the proposed pene- on of the interior of Brazil with arty of fellow naturalists under auspices of the American Muse- of Natural History, but the earlier of the six months which he will d in South America will be de- d to addresses upon American ocracy, which he has been invit- o deliver before universities and r bodies.

trip into Patagonia to visit an of the way mission, and two cross- of the continent to Santiago de and back to Buenos Ayres will other features of his journey. e who prepared to embark with today were Mrs. Roosevelt and Margaret Roosevelt, who will the round trip on the Vandyck; ona Fiala, the Polar explorer, has charge of the expedition's pment; G. K. Cherry and Leo L. r, naturalists of the American eum of Natural History; Frank er, Col. Roosevelt's secretary, the Rev. Father John Augustine provincial of the Order of the Cross, a former field compan- of the colonel.

he naturalists will start into the ior shortly after their arrival in il, to be joined by the colonel he has fin'shed his lectures, ch will be in December. It ably be April before the party re- s to civilization.

. Roosevelt began his speech by saying that he wanted to take this means of saying a word to all men and women of the Progressive party. All his life, he said, he had been engaged in work that culminated in the last 18 months, and of all his political life, it was the last 18 months to which he looked back with the most satisfaction.

This was his compliment to the men and women who have worked with him in the organization and first campaign of the party, which he termed a movement for "social and industrial justice to be achieved in a spirit of brotherly good will and of the broadest social consciousness."

"I believe that all of us who have worked in this movement have gained thereby the inestimable advantage of a finer and higher outlook on life," he continued.

"Moreover, friends, we have kept the faith wherever and to the extent that power has been given us. We have striven to make good every promise of the covenant with the people which our platform represents. There is no principle to which we have not striven to live up in spirit and in letter alike.

"We have so driven our principles home that each of the old parties in place after place has been obliged to pay at least lip loyalty to them."

Col. Roosevelt predicted that the Progressive party would never go back, and he declared:

"I warn our opponents that the fight has only just begun. Whatever may betide in the future, of one thing the disciples of an easy opportunism may rest assured—I will never abandon the principles to which we Progressives have pledged ourselves, and I will never abandon the men and women who drew around me to battle for these principles.

"They and I stand with our faces toward the morning; we will never be sundered from one another, and we will never yield the ground we have taken or flinch from the fight to which we are pledged."

Democrats Conservative.

Former Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, prior to Col. Roosevelt's speech, declared that under the wise leadership of the present administration the Democratic party is gradually, yet rapidly, becoming the conservative party of the nation; that Mr. Bryan will be used for a time to mask the movements of its troops and the placing of its batteries, but the signs are certain that the purposes of the administration are fixed and that the end is sure.

In eloquent terms Mr. Beveridge assailed alike the Democratic and Republican parties. The one, he said, was dying of internal strife; the other was becoming the antithesis of the Progressives—the conservatives. Such a division, he said, was bound to come; even now the party lines were fading and reforming.

$13,000 TAKEN FROM MAIL

Spokane, Wash., Oct. 7.—Thirteen thousand dollars has been stolen within the last eight days in Washington and Montana from registered mail pouches, according to information given out here today by postoffice inspectors, who admit they have no clue to thieves.

The first theft occurred at Havre, Mont., when a mail sack was slit open on the station platform and $1,000 taken. The second took place somewhere between Seattle and Wilbur, Washington, when $10,000 in small currency was stolen. The third was committed near Great Falls, Montana, when $2,000 was taken.

KAISER'S SOLDIERS ON WATER WAGON

Temperance Crusade of German Ruler May Hit His Army Hard.

Berlin, Oct. 3.—Wilhelm II.'s good warriors are grumbling because at the coming "Kaiser Maneuvers" no drinks will be served out and because every obstacle will be put in the way of warriors drinking their "honest glass of beer." All this is Wilhelm II.'s doing, for his majesty—so says the official "Norddeutsche Zeitung"—is practically a teetotaler and every day he frowns more fiercely on the bad thing Alcohol. He even drinks toasts in water, letting his guests, if they insist on it, drink them in wine. Never at any time did decent Wilhelm drink much, but now he will not drink at all, or will drink only "alcohol free" drinks—which is the German name for drinks that are no drinks at all.

Wilhelm has now been nine years practically a total abstainer. He began in 1904, and his former teacher of gymnastics, Colonel V. Dresky, reported that during a long Mediterranean tour his majesty only twice tasted wine and this was on ceremonial occasions when his hosts forgot to put water on the table. Long before that Wilhelm forswore beer. Court Surgeon Schmidt-Metzler says that Wilhelm boasted that in ten years he had not once tasted beer, which formerly was his favorite drink.

Today Wilhelm drinks mostly Fachingen mineral water. This shows him a good business man, for the Fachingen springs are bottled by the Prussian state. When there is no Fachingen he drinks "Rosentrank" or "lemonades," which may be made out of lemons, oranges, gooseberries or other fruit. Kaiserin Augusta Victoria—so says the official "Norddeutsche"—is a demon at making lemonade. She makes it herself, pours it into scooped out pineapple and serves the pineapple in ice.

When Wilhelm's sons went to universities he forbade them to take part in the great beer-drinking bouts, and in particular he forbade them to take part in "Spinn," that is, in drinking as a penalty vast quantities of beer. This was severe of Wilhelm, for it is on record that as a student he himself drank freely though not to the point of debauch. Wilhelm's fifth son, Oskar, got into trouble at Bonn for making a somewhat priggish speech against drinking and the students laughed at him, and went and got drunk.

Wilhelm now loses no opportunity to proclaim against alcohol-consumption by students. He told the rector of Giessen University that he much regretted student drinking and he told the student son of Architect Bodo Ebhardt that drinking is the curse of Germany's youth. Even the jovial deputation of students which came in the Berlin University centenary year got a request to think more and drink less. "To start record-making as to whom can swallow the most beer," he said to the scholars of the Cassel Koenig Friedrich gymnasium "is a custom which belongs to quite another age."

One of Wilhelm's latest temperance acts is to order that regimental canteens keep on tap hot tea in winter of alcohol consumption during maneuvers has been showni since 1910 when a test showed that soldiers who drank beer were fatigued sooner than soldiers who drank water. Since then he has steadily lectured cadets and sailors on temperance.

Wilhelm, in his new abstinence propaganda is proving tolerant. Only in one quarter is he exacting. This is with his own servants. An undergardener at Potsdam Schloss, who served Wilhelm faithfully for 12 years, was dismissed summarily because he was seen a bit tipsy at Wansee. The gardener got into trouble and ended up in court, where it came out in evidence that Wilhelm II. never forgives any employe of his who gets even a wee bit drunk.

EDISON RECOVERS HIS HEALTH

This is the latest picture of Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor. It was taken on the lawn of his home at Llewellyn Park, West Orange, N. J. Mr. Edison had just recovered from his first serious illness in eight years. Fears were at one time felt for him, but the electrical wizard seemed in good health when this picture was taken.

RAILROADS FACE PARCEL POST LOSS

$14,000,000 Business for First Six Months Alarms the Carriers.

The news from Washington that Postmaster-General Burleson expects that the government's receipts from January 1 to June 30 from fourth class mail, which includes parcel post matter, will amount to $14,000,000, was received by railroad officials with great interest, but without much enthusiasm. The railroads feel that they must bear the burden of the increased mail matter without sufficient return.

Two hundred and sixty-four railroads of the country, carrying mails on more than 217,000 miles of line, have felt that the parcel post was a burden to them. Several months ago a committee was appointed to try to get higher pay from the postoffice department for carrying the mails. Hearings have been held before a congressional commission, but so far congress has not yet made a rate which the railroads believe to be equitable.

Really Carried Free.

Ralph Peters, president of the Long Island railroad, is chairman of the railroad's committee.

"Without reference to other burdens which the railroads have to bear," said Mr. Peters, "the continual growth of the parcel post system makes it seem probable that this class of mail will be carried free by the railroads, whereas the government will increase its receipts from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 a year. Most of the parcel post matter is carried over railroads. Under the present system by which the roads are compensated they will not be paid at all for the increase.

"While we carry this matter for nothing we are losing on our receipts from other classes of our business. Most packages which make up the parcel post would be shipped by freight or express if the parcel post had not been established. We would then be carrying it at a fair profit.

"The principal point of our objections is that weighing periods to determine how much mail the railroads carry only occur every four years. There is no law to make a railroad carry mail, but there is a law that if a railroad carries mail it does so at arbitrary rates fixed by the government in 1873, but reduced twice since then.

"At the four-year weighing periods all the mail which goes over a road is weighed. From the figure obtained the amount the road will carry in the next four years is estimated. No allowance is made for natural increase of mail. We want this weighing period to occur every year.

"Other adjustments which we believe to be fair are compensation for performing messenger service between railroad stations and postoffices and compensation for apartment cars. We are not allowed to charge for carrying postal clerks, and in addition we carry them free from the end of their runs to their homes.

Loss Nearly $17,000,000.

"On the basis of a 60-foot car the average earnings of all the railway cars in the United States are as follows: in the passenger service, 26.52 cents a mile; express service, 23.16 cents a mile, and mail service, 19.38 cents a mile. If the mail service yielded the same rate per mile per car as the rest of the passenger train the government would have paid nearly $17,000,000 more to the railroads in 1910.

"In 1901 the postal revenue was $111,631,193 and the railway mail pay was 34 per cent of this, or $38,158,969. In 1912 the postal revenue had increased 120 per cent, to a total of $246,744,000, while the railway mail pay only increased 35 per cent, bringing it to $51,691,301, or 20 per cent of the total revenue. And each day the parcel post is growing larger."

THE MARKETS

Toledo, Oct. 6.—Wheat was decidedly lower at the opening today on lack of demand, both domestic and foreign. Cables were weaker throughout the day. Northwest receipts for the preceding 48 hours were fairly liberal. Offerings of the new Russian crop are exceeding expectations and these, coupled with the Canadian receipts, depressed the early market. Cash opened steady at 95c, but sold down ¾c. December was off ⅝c to 95¾c. May opened steady at $1.00½, but sold down 99⅞c.

				Close	
Wheat—Open.	High.	Low.	Oct. 6.	Oct. 4.
Cash 95	95	94¼	94½	95
Dec. 95¾	96	95⅝	95⅞	96⅝
May 1.00⅛	1.00½	99¾	99⅞	1.00⅛
Corn—				
Cash	....	....	73¼	73⅝
Dec. 69½	69⅝	69¼	69⅝	69⅝
May 72	72⅛	71⅞	72¼	72
Oats—				
Cash	....	....	43	43¼
Dec. 42¾	43¼	42½	43¼	43¼
May 43¼	46⅝	46	46⅝	46¼
Clover Seed—				
Prime	....	....	7.80	7.60
Oct 7.60	7.80	7.60	7.80	7.60
Dec 7.57½	7.72½	7.57½	7.72½	7.55
March ..7.60	7.77½	7.60	7.77½	7.60
Rye—				
No. 2....	....	....	67½	67½
Alsike—				
Oct.	....	....	10.60	10.50
Dec.	....	....	10.30	10.25
March	....	....	10.30	10.25
Timothy—				
Old	....	....	2.42½	2.42½
New	....	....	2.45	2.45
Oct 2.37½	....	....	2.45	2.45
Dec. 2.45	....	....	2.50	2.50
Feb. 2.52½	....	....	2.55	2.55
March .. 2.57½	....	....	2.57½	2.57½

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec. 86¼	86⅝	85⅝	86¼	86¾
May 91⅝	91⅝	91	91¼	91⅝
Corn—					
Dec. 68⅝	68⅝	68¼	68¼	69
May 70⅝	70⅝	70¼	70¼	70⅝
Oats—					
Dec. 40⅞	41	40½	41	41¼
May 44¼	44⅝	43⅞	44	44½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan. 19.90	19.92	19.72	19.85	19.95
May 20.05	20.05	19.87	19.95	20.05
Lard—					
Oct. 10.75	10.75	10.60	10.70	10.80
Jan. 10.77	10.80	10.72	10.77	10.82
May 10.97	10.97	10.87	10.95	11.00
Ribs—					
Oct. 10.97	11.00	10.95	10.97	11.05
Jan 10.52	10.52	10.42	10.47	10.72
May 10.60	10.62	10.52	10.60	10.60

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Dec	....	....	94¾	95⅛
May	....	....	97½	98⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	89⅞	89⅝
May	....	....	93⅝	93¼

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	84¼
May	....	....	....	89½

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	84½
May	....	....	....	89½

New York Produce.

New York, Oct. 7.—Butter barely steady; receipts, 11,452 tubs; creamery firsts, 28¼@31c; seconds, 26@28c¼ creamery held firsts, 28½@31c; seconds, 26@28c. Cheese steady; receipts, 1,231 boxes; state, whole milk, white or colored, specials, 16½@16¾c; do. white or colored, average fancy, 16 1-4c; do. under grades, 12¾@16c; state, whole milk, daisies, best, 17@17 1-4c; Wisconsin, whole milk, flats, best, 16 1-4@16½c; do. twins, best, 16 1-4c; do. daisies, best 16¾c; skims, 12¾@13 1-4c. Eggs steady; receipts 13,408 cases; fresh gathered, extra firsts, 31@32c; firsts, 28@30c; seconds, 25@27c; thirds and poorer, 20@24c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henmery white, 30@40c; western gathered, whites, 30@38c. Live poultry weak; chickens, 14c; fowls, 15c; turkeys, 17c. Dressed dull and weak; fresh killed western chickens, 15@26c; fowls, 14@20c; turkeys, 20@22c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—Butter unchanged; creamery, 25@25½c to 31c. Eggs—Receipts, 6,535 cases; firsts, 25@26c; ordinary, 21½@22½c; dirties, 10@12c. Cheese, higher; dairies, 15¾@16c; long horns, 15½@15¾c. Potatoes—Receipts, 100 cars; Michigan and Wisconsin, 52@..0c; Minnesota and Ohio, 53@60c. Poultry—Alive, irregular; springs, 13½c; fowls, 12c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, Oct. 7.—Butter—Creamery, extras, 34@34½c; prints, 35@35½c; firsts, 33@33½c; seconds, 32@32½c; process extras, 30@30¼c; do. firsts, 29@29½c; fancy dairy, extra, 29@29½c; choice, 24@25c; butterine, extras, 21c; firsts, 19c; standard, 16c; common, 11@13c; white high grade, 17c; standard, 16c. Cheese—American, whole milk, fancy twins and flats, 17½@18c; do. choice, 16¾@17c; brick, fancy, 18½@19c; choice, 17½@18c; Swiss, fancy, 20@21c; choice, 19½@20c; blocks, 19½@20c; imported, fancy, 32@34c; do. choice, 31@32c; limburger, fancy, 17½@18c; do. choice, 16½@17c; hand cheese, 80c per box; Roquefort, 45c. Eggs—Refrigerator, extra firsts, 26c; firsts, 25c; current receipts, 28c; seconds, 18c. Poultry—Alive, fowls, 15@16c; spring chickens, 15½@16c; light fowls and spring chickens, 14@14½c; ducks, 15@16c; Indian runners, 14@15c; spring geese, 14@15c; squab guineas, $5.00@5.50 a doz. Pigeons, $1.00@1.25 doz.; squabs, $2.50@2.75 a dozen. Apples—80c@$1.10 a bushel; half bushel baskets, 40@60c; choice, bbls., $3.50@4.00; common, $2.50@3.00; bulk apples, $1.00@1.25 100 pounds. Potatoes—Best grades in car lots, 72@75c; jobbing, 80@85c; from store, 85@90c a bushel. Sweet potatoes—Virginia, $1.75@1.85; Jerseys, $2.75@2.85 a bbl.; hampers, 90c@$1.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 7.—Hogs—Receipts, 23,000; slow; bulk of sales, $8.05@8.55; light, $8.05@8.70; mixed, $7.85@8.75; heavy, $7.80@8.65; rough, $7.80@8.00; pigs, $4.50@7.60. Cattle—Receipts, 5,500; steady; beeves, $7.20@9.50; Texas steers, $7.00@8.00; stockers and feeders, $5.25@7.85; cows and heifers, $3.65@8.90; calves, $7.50@11.50. Sheep—Receipts, 40,000; steady; native, $3.90@5.00; yearlings, $5.00@6.00; lambs, native, $5.90@7.40.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Oct. 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 100; market steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 200; market slow; good to choice, $11.50@11.25. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 900; market strong; choice spring lambs, $7.35@7.50. Hogs—Receipts, 1,200; market 10c higher; heavies, mediums, yorkers and light yorkers, $8.70; pigs, $7.25; roughs, $7.80; stags, $7.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Oct. 7.—Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; lower; heavies, $9.00; heavy Yorkers, $9.10; light Yorkers, $8.50; pigs, $7.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; strong; top sheep, $5.60; top lambs, $7.60. Calves—Receipts, 200; steady; top, $12.00.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Oct. 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 250; market steady. Veals—Receipts, 175; natives, $6.00@12.00; Canada, $4.50@8.00. Hogs—Receipts, 4,800; heavy and mixed, $8.80@9.00; Yorkers, $7.75@8.90; pigs, $7.25@7.50; stags, $6.50@7.50; dairies, $8.50@8.90. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000; sheep, steady; lambs, $5.50@7.90.

Cotton.

New York, Oct. 7.—Cotton futures opened easy; October, 13.66c; December, 13.50c; January, 13.20c; March, 13.29c; May, 13.28c; July, 13.22c.

The cotton market broke sharply this morning under selling which appeared to be inspired by lower cables, better weather map and rumors of easier spot situation.

The opening was easy at a decline of 12 to 21, with active months 19 to 22 net lower right after the call. Liverpool was a seller. Offerings were absorbed around 13.45c for December and prices rallied 7 or 8 points from the lowest before the end of the first hour. Private wires reported warmer weather in northwest, but local predictions were for unsettled and colder weather over the belt.

Trade interests were reported moderate buyers during the morning, and there was covering or local bull support, but offerings continued heavy, and the market was unsettled late in the morning with prices 24 to 29 points net lower. Estimated receipts today, 80,000 bales.

HURLS ROSARY AT REPORTERS

Hans Schmidt, at Inquest Into Girl's Murder, Becomes Frenzied.

New York, Oct. 3.—Hans Schmidt, the priest who murdered Anna Aumuller, became frenzied today at the coroner's inquest into the death of his victim, rose from his seat, ripped from his neck the rosary he had worn ever since his incarceration, tore it into many bits and hurled them at the newspaper reporters sitting half a dozen steps away.

The jury found him responsible for the girl's death.

Schmidt's outburt of temper occurred in the presence of a jury of millionaires empanelled to conduct the inquest. The verdict was quickly found. it follows:

"We, the jury, believe that Anna Aumuller came to her death on September 2, 1913, at No. 68 Bradhurst avenue, at the hands of Hans Schmidt."

Schmidt was immediately remanded to the Tombs without bail to await the action of the grand jury. Theodore P. Shonts, president of the Interborough Rapid Transit Co., was foreman of the jury. His fellow jurors included Vincent Astor, B. J. Greenhut, merchant, Mortimer Regensberg, cigar manufacturer, and E. S. Marston, banker.

ROCKEFELLER TAX LARGEST ON LIST

Personal Property in Greater New York Is Assessed for $5,000,000.

New York, Oct. 2.—John D. Rockefeller supplants Andrew Carnegie as the payer of the largest personal tax in New York City. He set down $5,000,000 in the tentative assessment list for 1914 opened for public inspection at the hall of records today.

Mr. Carnegie paid $10,000,000 on his personal property and $2,300,000 more on his real estate last year. His name does not appear on the 1914 list owing to the fact that he now pays a tax on registered bonds, of which most of his wealth consists.

Zeigler Second on List.

Next to Mr. Rockefeller, William Zeigler, Jr. pays the highest personal assessment, $1,000,000. Mrs. Russell Sage, who was formerly assessed at $2,500,000, pays only $464,000 this year. Most of her money has been put into mortgages.

Some of those paying a personal assessment of $500,000 are Herbert L. Satterlee, Herman Sieleken, Gertrude P. Whitney and Cornelius Vanderbilt. Other large assesments are:

Jacob H. Schiff	$400,000
William Vincent Astor	350,000
Daniel M. Bodell	400,000
John D. Rockefeller, Jr.	394,000
William Rockefeller	300,000
Felix M. Warburg	400,000
Alice G. Vanderbilt	350,000
Florence A. V. Twombly	300,000

Tax on Woolworth Building.

The highest assesment on real estate is $9,000,000 on the Woolworth building.

The total assessed valuation of real estate for 1914 in all the five boroughs shows an increase of $168,126,435 over that of the previous year. The total assessment for 1914 is $7,735,912,715, as against $7,567,786,280 last year.

FLOODS DAMAGE SOUTH

Texas and Louisiana Suffers Serious Loss by Water.

Houston, Tex., Oct. 1.—Another night of rain has increased the gravity of the flood situation in southeastern Texas and southwestern Louisiana. Streams throughout the district which reached flood stage several days ago still are rising.

Railway service east of Houston is almost paralyzed. Operation of trains to New Orleans is a problem of increasing difficulty. Early reports today state hundreds of houses in Lake Charles, La., are under water and business practically is paralyzed. With the Sabine and Neches Rivers out of banks, conditions at Orange, Tex., are sedious. The rice and lumber industries especially have suffered.

MEXICAN STATES IN NEW REPUBLIC

Five Divisions Said to Have Agreed to Secede, Say Americans.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 1.—At a conference held in Hermosillo, five northern states, comprising nearly half of Mexico, decided to secede from the federal government to form the confederate states of Mexico, according to Americans arriving today from Hermosillo.

The states, whose representatives agreed to the secession plan are: Sonora, Durango, Coahuila, Sinaloa and Chihuahua. Only the rebel state government in Chihuahua joined in the movement.

Vepustiano Carranza is to be president of the new confederacy, say the Americans, and in his cabinet will be General Angeles, a former federal commander, as minister of war; Augustin Labansat, minister of haccindas, and Juan Sanches Azcona, minister of foreign relations. Eduard Hay, it is said, also will be given a place in the cabinet.

Lower California is not included in the new government, as its promoters say the revolution has not succeeded there.

LODGE PRAISES MME. CURIE

Sir Oliver Calls Her Greatest Woman of Science of All Time.

London, Oct. 3.—Sir Oliver Lodge recently described Mme. Curie as "the greatest women of science of all time." When conferring an honorary degree of doctor of laws upon her at the university he recalled how she arrived in Paris from Warsay as Marie Skiodowska; how she began in 1896 a metrical examination of the radioactivity of minerals of all kinds; how, working down some tons of uranium with exemplary skill and patience, she obtained evidence first of a new element, which she christened polonium, in memory of her own country; and how, after years of labor, she isolated a few grains of radium, which not only exhibited physical energy in a new form, but was likely to be of service to suffering humanity.

SHE KNEW MOLL PITCHER

Pennsylvania Woman Celebrates Her 101st Birthday.

Carlisle, Pa., Oct. 6.—Mrs. Samuel Sipe, who was a child friend of Molly Pitcher and a resident of Carlisle for 94 years, celebrated her 101st birthday here yesterday.

Mrs. Sipe vividly recalls history spanning a century and is in possession of all of her faculties. She recalls Molly Pitcher, the heroine of Monmouth, and refutes the assertion that she is buried in any other place than in Carlisle, where memorials have been placed over the woman's grave.

Mrs. Sipe was born in Switzerland in 1812, and came to Carlisle when she was eight years old, when this place was but the hunting ground for settlers in the Cumberland valley.

FIVE DIE IN HOTEL FIRE

Business Section of Kentucky Town Burned.

New Haven, Ky., Oct. 1.—Five persons perished in flames that swept through the business section of New Haven early today. The victims were the wife, three children and sister of James Devers, who were trapped by the fire in Devers' hotel.

The loss on several buildings destroyed amounted to about $50,000.

POET IS SENT TO PRISON

Southampton, England, Oct. 6.—A sentence of 21 days at hard labor was pronounced today on Harry emp, the American verse writer who was charged with stowing himself away on board the steamship Oceanic on her last voyage from New York. The magistrate sent a recommendation to the home office that Kemp should be deported after he had served his term of imprisonment.

MINER RESCUED ON EIGHTH DAY

Thos. Toshesky Once More Breathes Fresh Air and Fr edom.

Centralia, Pa., Oct. 4.—Thomas Toshesky, prisoner since Friday of last week in an abandoned chamber of the Continental mine of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., walked into the open air a free man at 22 minutes before 8 o'clock this morning. He was taken to his home in Centralia, three miles away from his underground prison, and at once put to bed, apparently none the worse for his remarkable experience.

Toshesky came from the hole with a gray blanket wrapped about his shoulders. Back of him was a miner with hands upraised ready to assist if he should be needed, but Toshesky walked with astonishing agility considering his experience. When he stepped onto the wooden platform just outside of the mouth of the narrow tunnel and was first able to stand upright he paused for an instant and looked upward as if in greeting to the world or scanning the steep and muddy zigzag path which led to the opening of the mine breach. His miner's cap was on his head when he crawled through the opening of the tunnel and greeted his rescuers. His lamp was in place upon his cap and burning.

The most noticeable thing about him was a pallor which showed through the grime on his face, contrasting strangely with the other blackened miners whose ruddy color showed even through the coat of dust. Toshesky climbed the path to the rim of the pit almost unaided. A stretcher had been taken to the foot and there were plenty of willing hands to carry him, but he would have none of it. His whole attitude from the time of the rescue until he disappeared beneath the blankets in his own bed at home was one of semi-stolidity.

Toshesky was glad to get out of his prison, but he acted as if it were an old story to him and nothing over which to make a great fuss. Once before in his career as a miner he had been entombed for nearly 48 hours.

Halfway of the pit Toshesky was stopped and posed for a picture, together with Dr. H. G. Fortner, who had been in almost constant touch with him since communication was established Tuesday night and to whom is largely due the good health of the man. Toshesky wore the broadest smile of any person in the vicinity when brought out. "Hello," he greeted everybody who spoke to him. His only reply to questions as to how he felt was "bully."

Just before the end of the tunnel was enlarged enough to permit the passage of his body, one man asked what he was doing. "I get ready to move," he said. "This is no boarding house, no good bed, no spring, no nice boarding missus."

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

ured His Rupture

was badly ruptured while lifting a k several years ago. Doctors said only hope of cure was an operaTrusses did me no good. Finally t hold of something that quickly completely cured me. Years have ed and the rupture has never reed although I am doing hard work carpenter. There was no operano lost time, no trouble. I have to sell but will give full ination about how you may find a plete cure without operation if write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, enter, 806 Marcellus Avenue, Manan, N. J. Better cut out this noand show it to any others who are ed—you may save a life or at stop the misery of rupture and worry and danger of an operation

George H. Mayr, Prominent Chicago Manufacturing Chemist

A FORTUNE GIVEN AWAY IN FREE $1.00 BOTTLE OFFERS TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

Read These Letters Like Thousands I Get

I will gladly on request send you names and addresses of dozens of users of my remedy probably right near you—hundreds of copies of genuine recent date letters, from all classes of people, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, members of Congress, Professors, Teachers, Professional men and women, workers in all walks of life from everywhere.

Here are a few that will interest you:

Rev. G. W. Storey, El Campo, Texas, Says, Nov. 30, 1912:

I deem it just for me to inform you of the benefit I have received from your medicine. I have suffered from stomach trouble for many years, Gastritis, Constipation, Catarrh of the Gall Stones, Uric Acid or Dyspepsia of years standing. These diseases took hold of my system and I concluded that there was no relief. After following your advice I secured a few bottles of your medicine and I derived such help and relief as to give me one year free from pain. I have taken a few bottles as a precaution against the long standing of my disability. I would cheerfully recommend your medicine.

Prominent Physician Says, Sept. 18, 1911:

My wife took medicine as per your directions Saturday with wonderful results. Have recommended you to several that I know need your treatment. I have practiced medicine for 20 years and I can assure you that your combination greatly surprised me.—Yours gratefully, Ernest Vincent, M. D.

Trained Nurse Says, Oct. 24, 1911:

To begin with, I am a trained nurse and I had two patients that the doctors seemed unable to reach with their medicines and were trying to persuade the patients to submit to the knife. To please my patients was why I sent for the sample. I know your medicine is wonderful because it has cured Mrs. Clark Fitzsimmons and Mrs. Charley Frear. I am very glad that I was able to recommend your medicine to them.—Linnette Havel, Trained Nurse.

"Only Medicine That Hit the Sore Spot"

I ordered a bottle for a neighbor. Now I must tell you that it is through me you are getting so many orders from Willard and Yelton Post Office. Your remedy is surely a wonder. The doctors told me I would soon die if I were not operated on. I was living in bed about all the time with misery most of the time for five years. I took treatment and it is the only medicine that hit the sore spot.—L. C. Morehead, Willard, Oklahoma.

"Doctors Said Cancer of the Stomach"

July 22, 1911.—I took my last drop of medicine yesterday morning and it has made a new man of me. Sleep well, eat what I want and feel fine. No soreness left. The doctors said I had cancer of the stomach and nothing would do but to be operated on, but they were mistaken. I have spent lots of money before and got temporary relief, but I assure you I feel all right now.—Wm. Campbell, Denver, Missouri.

"More Benefit Than From $100 Treatment"

May 31, 1910.—I received the treatment you sent and can truthfully say I got more benefit from it than from a hundred dollar treatment I took last winter.—Very respectfully, Miss F. A. Harness, 1020 Pacific Avenue, Bremerton, Wash.

Newspaper Manager Says, Aug. 23, 1913:

J. D. Johnson, of 2 E. Broad Street, Richmond, Va., came voluntarily into our office yesterday saying he had taken one bottle of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy and results were phenomenal. Had expected an operation, as physicians had told him he could not be saved otherwise. He is willing to have this fact published.—Richmond Evening Journal—H. C. Cooper Advertising Manager.

"Suffered 15 Years"

S. Hay, Jr., 1805 Buffington Ave., Huntington, W. Va., writes Sept. 1, 1913: "Had stomach trouble 15 years and suffered severely at times, especially at night. Had tried a number of local physicians with no permanent results. After taking the first bottle of your Stomach Remedy felt so much better that I secured one of your treatments and after taking it I felt better than I have for years."

ONE dose of my Wonderful Stomach Remedy will convince over night. If you suffer from **Stomach, Liver or Intestinal Ailments or Constipation,** or have a relative or friend who does, be sure to get this **FREE $1 Bottle Offer** of mine by writing me at once.

No Long Treatment

One dose positively convinces. Many find that only one dose is necessary. You can decide for yourself as your case requires.

Saves Expense and Surgeon's Knife

Whatever you've tried, give my Safe Remedy this one chance before you **go on wasting money** needlessly for no **use or good.** Don't for a moment consider allowing a surgeon or doctor to cut into your body to try to cure you before you have at least written and received this offer of mine FREE.

Demand From Abroad

Bertel F. Goosemeyer, Bergen, Norway, writes August 6, 1913, to know where Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy can be purchased there and orders a treatment direct.

MY OFFER TO YOU

Now won't you let me send you some of these names and letters and my $1 Bottle Offer so you can decide for yourself? You risk nothing. Your gain should be lifelong joy to you. So write me and—

Try This For Yourself

Geo. H. Mayr

Just Mail Me This $1 Bottle Free Offer Coupon. (Send No Money)

Geo. H. Mayr, Manufacturing Chemist, 1312 Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once your $1 FREE BOTTLE OFFER on Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy. Neither I nor any member of my family have ever received a free bottle from you before.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *County* .....

State ..... *Express Office* .....

Relief for Catarrh Sufferers Now FREE

You Can Now Treat This Trouble in Your Own Home and Get Relief at Once.

How the Remedy for Catarrh Was Discovered.

By the new method the nose and throat are treated by an effective local remedy applied directly to the afflicted membranes.

THIS terrible disease has raged unchecked for years simply because *symptoms* have been treated while the vicious germs that cause the trouble have been left to circulate in the blood, and bring the disease back as fast as local treatments could relieve it.

C. E. Gauss, who experimented for years on a treatment for Catarrh, found that after perfecting a balm that relieved the nose and throat troubles quickly, he could not prevent the trouble beginning all over again.

On test cases, he could completely remove all signs of Catarrh from nose and throat, but in a few weeks they were back.

The Elixir, taken into the stomach, has a direct influence upon the mucous membranes of the body and cures the disease by removing the cause.

Careful experiments and investigations have shown that as the troubles were expelled from the nose and throat, the real cause of the disease was overlooked and in a short time the Catarrh would return stronger than ever. Mr. Gauss has gone way ahead of the ordinary methods of treatment and has provided a remedy that

Kills the Germs in the Blood

and immediately gives relief to the nose and throat.

He perfected the New Combined Treatment, since admitted to be the logical, *sure*, scientific method.

Reese Jones, of Scranton, Penn., says that after trying many other treatments, he used this new method and—"My nose is now entirely clear and free and I am not bothered by the disease any more. The New Combined Treatment is worth its weight in gold."

Temporary relief from catarrh may be obtained in other ways, but the New Combined Treatment must inevitably be accepted for *permanent* results.

Sarah J. Cape, Mount Pelia, Tenn., says, "I suffered the pains and distress of catarrh for thirteen years and needless to state, tried nearly every method. But by your new method I was *completely* cured and you cannot imagine the joy that has come over me."

Trial Treatment FREE

This new method is so important to the welfare of humanity, so vital to every person suffering from any form of catarrh, that the opportunity to actually *test* it and *prove* its results, will be gladly extended without one cent of cost.

A large trial treatment,

HUGE SHORTAGE IN 1913 CROPS

Total Deficiency Is Estimated to Be 1,250,000,000 Bushels.

New York, Oct. 6.—Serious shortage exists in the world's crop of grain for 1913. The supply is nearly 10 per cent less than last year. The total deficiency aggregates 1,250,000,000 bushels of the five grain staples. This shortage is not made up by potatoes, the world's supply of which is no greater than last year, and 300,000,000 bushels less than the world's potato crop of 1910.

These amazing conclusions are indicated by the preliminary report upon world's crops and the future of prices, prepared by Orange Judd, American agriculturist of New York as of October 1. This authority emphasizes that the four breadstuffs—wheat, oats, rye and barley—will probably be 500,000,000 bushels less this year than in 1912, 70,000,000 bushels less than two years ago, but four per cent more than in the 1910 crop.

Ample Supply of Wheat.

"Unless Russia and Argentina conclude the year with much greater yields than now seems possible," American Agriculturist says, "the world's wheat production will be only about 100,000,000 bushels more than last year." This will be an increase of only three per cent the supply of wheat produced throughout the world in 1912.

Of this increase, 50,000,000 bushels is due to the extent to which the bonanza wheat crop of the United States and Canada exceeds last year's out-turn.

This authority preliminarily returns the Russian crop as 700 million bushels, which has since been confirmed by the Russian government's official pronunciamento of 690 million. This is in sharp contrast to the apparently misleading and erroneous forecast put out in late August by the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome of 812 million bushels as the Russian crop.

Large Deficiency in Rye.

Of grave importance also is the European shortage in rye. Because, even more than wheat, is rye the breadstuff of the teeming millions of Europe. The paper quoted finds that Europe may have only 1,700 million bushels of rye, of the 1913 crop, or 130 million bushels less than last year. The deficit may be still larger if latest cabled advices from Russia are reliable.

The shortage in the world's supply of oats bids fair to be greater than was expected.

With a smaller crop in North America than last year by more than 300,000,000 bushels, and with another 100,000,000 deficit elsewhere, the world's crop of oats may be 10 per cent less than last year, a decrease of 400,000,000 bushels. American Agriculturalist reaches this conclusion in spite of allowing that Russia has the most prodigious oats crop in its history—1,000 million bushels.

Barley is much less than usual in North America, but the world's total yield may come up to the normal amount.

Ample Market at Good Prices.

It appears from official returns of the actual movement of grain that only about 16 per cent of the world's total wheat crop is consumed outside of the countries of production.

These consuming countries are Great Britain and Europe east of Russia, which is the very region that suffers the heaviest relative deficiency in 1913 grain crops. Therefore, the report concludes that those countries will need to import between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 bushels of wheat during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, thus calling for every bushel of surplus wheat.

In the case of corn, only about 250,000,000 out of an average world's supply of 3,850 million bushels is consumed in the corn importing countries, but the surplus this year is so reduced that it's a question whether any such quantity can be spared.

MRS. BRYAN IS AN AUTOIST

Wife of Secretary of State Can Operate Limousine.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, wife of the secretary of state, is setting an example in economy to other women of Washington's official world in that she has learned to manipulate the big limousine car of the Bryans with the hand of an expert.

She is regarded as one of the best women motorists here.

Mrs. Bryan dispenses with the services of a chauffeur during their little motor jaunts in and about Washington. Today her skill in driving attracted much attention on Connecticut avenue. With her on the trip, which included a run out to Maryland fields to pick golden rod, were the secretary of state, Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Jr., and her small grandchildren.

Although the United States is the richest country in the world in deposits of peat, none of several peat fuel plants that have been established have gone beyond the experimental stage.

Scallop Fisheries

Scallops, which yield a food relished by New Englanders and New Yorkers, can be grown suitably only on 50 square miles of land lying mostly south of the elbow of Cape Cod. John Rithie, Jr., says in Science Conspectus that, while the crop is one that can be secured with little delay, and there is practically no risk of depleting the supply by overfishing, on account of the restlessness of the animal "it recommends itself rather for communal cultivation than for the business undertaking of the individual.' The scallop fisheries yielded the state of Massachusetts last year a return of $165,000.

STEM WIND & SET

WATCH FREE RING and CHAIN

SELLING NEEDLE BOOKS

We positively give FREE a STEM WIND, STEM SET, RICHLY ENGRAVED, Plated WATCH, genuine appearance to Solid Gold Watch. Guaranteed 5 years, and a beautiful 14k Diamond Ring for selling only 20 Needle Books at 10c. Each book contains 5 packs large-eyed needles and 5 darning wool carpet needles. Order 20 books, when sold send us $2, we will send you Watch, Chain & Ring. Willard Watch Co. Dept. 1080 Chicago

FURNITURE BARGAIN PRICES

Wonderful bargains in fancy rockers, beds, tables, chairs, bookcases and dining room pieces of latest design and patterns. We return your money and freight charges if we fail to please you. Don't risk delay. Profit by this opportunity to make some big savings. Write now for Furniture Catalog, free.

W. & H. Walker, 4707 Herr's Island, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHURCHMAN MAY RESTRICT DIVORCE

Episcopal Convention Likely to Consider a Change in Church Canon.

New York, Oct. 3.—The general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which will begin its sessions on October 8 at the cathedral of St. John the Divine, is likely to take up the question of the marriage of divorced persons. The general convention will be in session until October 28.

An effort is likely to be made during the convention so to amend one of the canons of the church that no clergyman of the church will be permitted to perform the marriage ceremony for any divorced person whatever.

At present section III of canon 39 provides that "no minister, knowingly after due inquiry, shall solemnize the marriage of any person who has been or is the husband or wife of any other person then living from whom he or she has been divorced for any cause arising after marriage." A single exception is made to his rule, with this provision: "But this canon shall not be held to apply to the innocent party in a divorce for adultery."

It is understood that an effort will be made during the convention to strike out this exception. If the effort succeeds any innocent party to a divorce for adultery who has married again at a service conducted by a minister of another denomination or by some civil authority will be under the restrictions nevertheless of section IV. of the canon, which says: "If any minister of this church shall have reasonable cause to doubt whether a person desirous of being admitted to holy baptism or to confirmation, has been married otherwise than as the Word of God and discipline of this church allow, such minister, before receiving such person to these ordinances shall refer the case to the bishops."

"NO GOLD IN BAFFIN LAND"

Arctic Explorer Says Report Was Sent Without His Knowledge.

Quebec, Canada, Oct. 3.—Capt. Joseph E. Bernier, the Arctic explorer, who has just returned from Baffin Land, said today there was no gold there.

"The report that there was," he adde, "was made to the government without any knowledge by the second mate of the steamer Arctic.

"I reached Baffin Land August 28, 1912, and learned that the steamer Algexon had been lost on July 14. The crew of four men went on the island and lived in my hose and ate all the government provisions there and went away carrying furs around the value of $4,000.

"The island is rich in resources. The rivers are full of salmon and the hunting is good. The only drawback is the non-production of vegetables; only flowers grow."

OLD AND NEW TARIFF RATES OF INTEREST FOUND HERE

The following changes in the tariff bill, just signed by President Wilson, are of general interest:

	Old Rate.	New Rate.
White lead	33.01%	25%
Varnishes	55%	10%
Putty	16.71%	15%
Artists' colors	30%	20%
Perfumed toilet soap	49.98%	30%
Medicinal toilet soap	55.77%	30%
Castile soap	16.20%	10%
Other soap	20%	5%
Caffein	2%	$1.00 lb.
Caffein compounds	New	25%
Impure tea	Free	1c. lb.
Coal tar dyes	30%	30%
Coal tar products (not dyes)	20%	15%
Brandy coloring	50%	40%
Crude camphor	Free	1c. lb.
Refined camphor	6c. lb.	5c. lb.
Chicle (crude)	10c. lb.	15c lb.
Olive oil in bottles	50c. gal.	30c gal.
Other olive oil	40c. gal.	20c. gal.
Crude opium	$1.50 lb.	$2.00 lb.
Dried opium	$2.00 lb.	$4.00 lb.
Laudanum	46%	60%
Morphine	$1.50 oz.	$3.00 oz.
Cocaine	$1.50 oz.	$2.00 oz.
Other opium alkaloids	$1.50 oz.	$3.00 oz.
Smoking opium is prohibited.		
Perfumery	60c. lb. and 50%	40c. lb. and 60%
Portland and hydraulic cement	21.32%	Free
White non-staining Portland cement	20%	10%
Lime	5c. 100 lb	5%
Earthenware—		
Common yellow and brown	24.67%	15%
Decorated yellow and brown	40%	20%
China, porcelain, etc., not painted	55%	35-50%
China, porcelain, etc., painted	60%	40-50%
Ready-made clothing of cotton, including corsets	50%	30%
Cotton Gloves	50c. doz. plus 40%	25%
Cotton shirts, drawers tights, sweaters, union suits, etc	60.27%	30%
Cotton belting for machinery	30%	15%

Wool and Manufactures of Wool.

Combed wool or tops	91.85%	8%
Yarns, wholly or chiefly wool	79.44%	18%
Cloths, knit fabrics, felts, not woven and mfrs. chiefly of wool	94.03%	35%
Blankets of wool	72.69%	35%
Cheaper flannels	93.29%	25%
Women's and children's dress goods, coat linings	99.70%	35%
Ready-made clothing, all kinds wearing apparel, including shawls, chiefly of wool	79.56%	35%
Silk ready-made clothing and wearing apparel	60%	50%
Silk woven fabrics	50%	45%

Paper Changes.

Printing paper, sized, unsized, etc., value over 2¼c lb	15.80%	12%
Copying, stereotype, tissue, crepe, pottery, etc. papers	42.33%	30%
News and book-print paper, valued under 2¼c lb	3-16c lb.	Free
Same, value 2¼ to 2½c lb	3-10c lb.	Free
Surface-coated papers	50%	40%

Brooms and Brushes.

Brooms	40%	15%
Brushes, feather dusters, and hair pencils	40%	35%
Bristles, assorted or prepared	7½c lb.	7c lb.
Bristles, crude	Free	Free
Bone and horn mfrs	35%	20%
Umbrellas, parasols, etc., not paper, lace or embroidered	50%	35%
Sticks for same and walking canes	40%	30%
Cotton, bagging, gunny cloth and similar fabrics	6-10c. sq.	Free

Fish on Free List.

Fresh water fish	¼c lb.	Free
Herring, fresh	¼c lb.	Free
Herring, pickled or salted	½c lb.	Free
Herring, smoked or kippered	½c lb.	Free
Eels and smelts	¾c lb.	Free
Mackerel, halibut or salmon, fresh or salted	1c lb.	Free

Many Changes in Glass.

Cylinder, crown and common window glass, not polished—		
Not over 150 sq. in and not valued over 1½c lb	1¼c. lb.	⅜c lb.
Not over 150 sq. in. but worth over 1½c. lb	1⅜c. lb.	⅜c lb.
Not over 384 sq. in and not valued over 1¾c.lb	1¾c lb.	1c lb.
150 to 384 sq. in. and valued over 1¾c. lb	1⅞c lb.	1c lb.
384 to 720 sq. in. not valued over 2¼c. lb	2¼c lb.	1¼c lb.
384 to 720 sq. in. valued over 2¼c	2⅜c lb.	1⅜c lb.
720 to 864 sq. in	2¾c lb.	1½c lb.
864 to 1200 sq. in	3¼c lb.	1¾c lb.
1200 to 2400 sq. in	3⅝c lb.	1⅞c lb.
Above 2400 sq. in	4¼c lb.	2c lb.
Cylinder and crown glass, polished—		
Under 384 sq. in	4c sq. ft.	3c sq. ft.
384 to 720 sq. in	6c sq. ft.	4c sq. ft.
720 to 1440 sq. in	2c sq. ft.	7c sq. ft.
Above 1440 sq. in	15c sq. ft.	10c sq. ft.
Rough plate glass—		
Under 384 sq. in., weight under 100 lbs., per 100 sq. ft	¾c sq. ft.	½c sq. ft.
Same, weighing over 100 lbs., per sq. ft	¾c sq. ft. plus 2c lb.	½c sq. ft plus ½c lb
Above 720 inches	1¼c sq ft.	1c sq. ft.
384 to 720 sq. in	plus 1¾c lb	plus 1c lb.
Cast polished plate glass—		
Under 384 sq. in	10c sq. ft.	6 sq. ft.
384 to 720 sq. in	12½c sq. ft.	8c sq. ft
Above 720 sq. in	22½c sq. ft.	12c sq. ft.
Cast polished plate glass, Silvered and smoking-glass—		
144 to 384 sq. in	11c sq. ft.	7c sq. ft.
384 to 720 sq. in	13c sq. ft.	9c sq. ft.
Above 720 sq. in	25c sq. ft.	13c sq. ft.
Cylinder and crown glass, silvered—		
144 to 384 sq. in	11c sq. ft.	4c sq. ft.
384 to 720 sq. in	13c sq.	5c sq. ft.
Above 720 sq. in	25c sq. ft.	8c or 11c sq. foot
Spectacles and eyeglasses	51.42%	25%
Inc light bulbs	45%	30%
Glass manufactured	45%	30%

Iron and Steel.

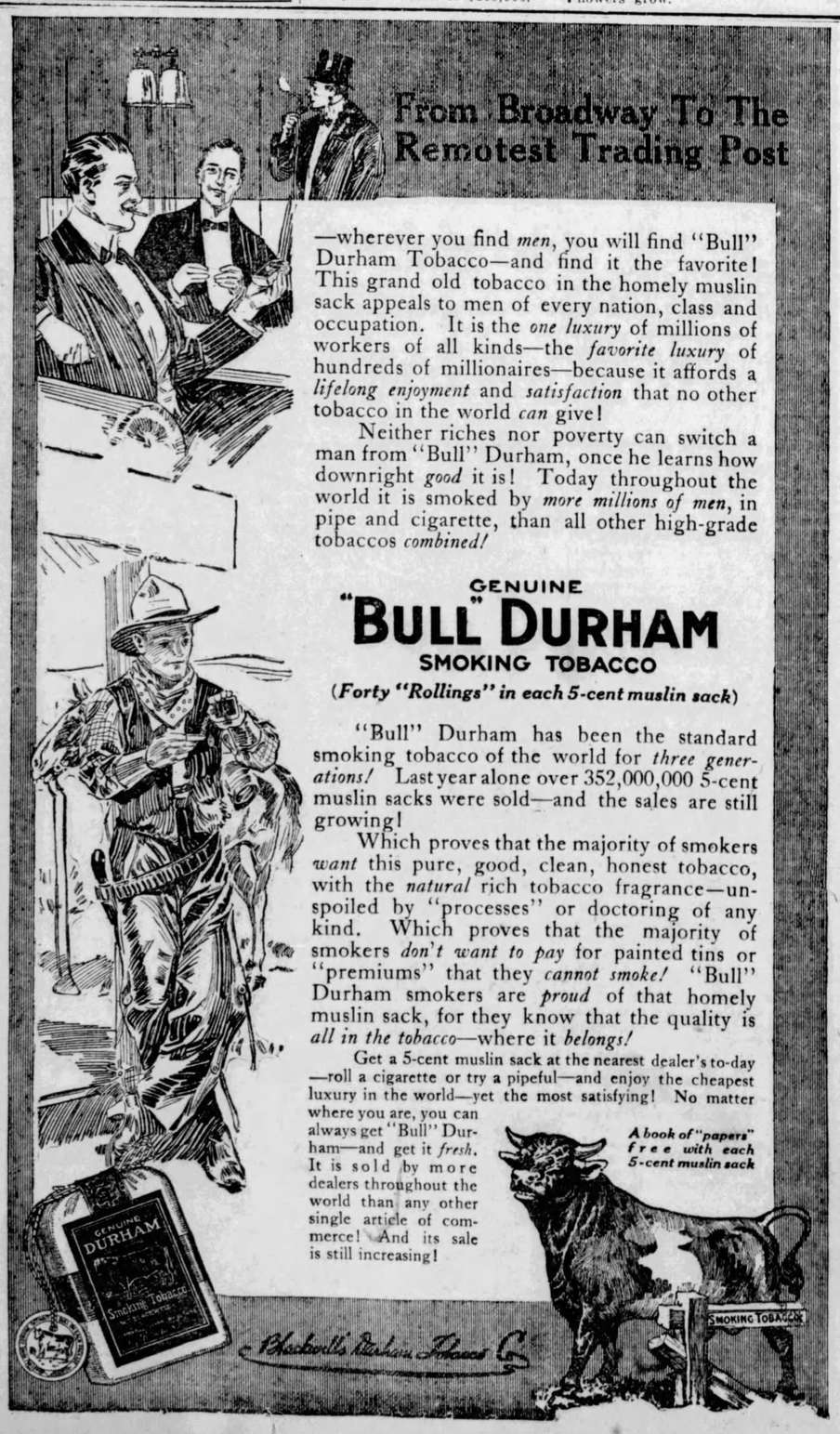
Iron beams and other structural shapes of iron and steel	23.20%	10%
Boiler-plate	37.38%	12%
Sheet iron or steel	27.49%	12%
Steel ingots, made by Bessemer or similar process	21.98%	Free
Steel bars and shapes, made by Bessemer or similar process	21.98%	8%

Autos and Cycles.

Automobiles, valued over $2,000	45%	45%
Automobile bodies	45%	45%
Automobiles valued under $2,000	45%	30%
Automobile chassis	45%	30%
Automobile, finished parts	45%	30%
Bicycles	45%	25%
Motorcycles	45%	25%
Axles, and parts of	14.90%	10%
Cast-iron pipe	17.62%	10%
Malleable iron castings	21.44%	10%
Cast hollow ware	30.58%	10%
Chains of all kinds	46.59%	20%
Sprocket and machine chains	46.59%	25%
Tubes, pipes and flues	29.37%	20%
Table, kitchen and hospital utensils or other hollow-ware	40%	25%
Umbrella and parasol ribs	50%	25%
Gold pens	25%	25%
Fountain pens	30%	25%
All steam engines, locomotives	30%	15%
Machine tools	30%	15%
Printing presses	30%	15%
Sugar, dutiable—		
Until March 1, 1914	48.54%	48.54%
March 1, 1914, to May 1, 1916	48.54%	36.25%
After May 1, 1916	48.54%	Free
Molasses, dutiable—		
Until March 1, 1914	16.48%	16.48%
March 1, 1914, to May 1, 1916	16.48%	12.40%
After May 1, 1916	16.48%	Free
Sugar cane—Until May 1, 1916	20%	15%
Sugar cane—After May 1, 1916	20%	Free
Chewing gum	New	15%

FARM PRODUCTS AND IMPLEMENTS

Cattle	27.07%	Free
Horses and mules, worth under $200	32.93%	10%
Horses and mules, worth over $200 a head	25%	10%
Other live animals	20%	10%
Oats	15c bu.	9c bu.
Wheat	25c bu.	Free
Beets, sugar	10%	5%
All other beets	25%	5%
Potatoes	25c bu.	Free
Hay	$4 ton	$2 ton
Nursery stock	24.12%	15%
Wool of sheep, unmanufactured, until Dec. 1, 1913	43.61%	43.61%
Wools, unmanufactured, after Dec. 1, 1913	43.61%	Free
Wool noils until Dec. 1, 1913	20c lb.	20c lb.
Swine	$1.50 head	Free
Swine for breeding	Free	Free
Cattle not one year old	$2 head	Free
Other cattle, not worth $14 a head	$3.75 head	Free
Same, worth over $14 a head	27½%	Free
Sheep, not one year old	75c head	Free
Sheep over one year old	$1.50 head	Free
Cattle for breeding	Free	Free
Horses for breeding	Free	Free
Sheep for breeding	Free	Free
Agricultural implements— Plows, harrows, harvesters, reapers, threshing machines, wagons, carts, cotton gins	15%	Free
Machinery for use in making sugar	15%	Free
Cream separators worth under $75	15%	Free
Cast iron pipe	1¼c lb.	½c



MEXICAN REBELS WELL WHIPPED

What Remains of Villa's Army Breaks and Flees Under Assault.

El Paso, Tex., Oct. 6.—Additional details of the federal victory at Santa Rosalia have been received by Guillermo Porras, personal representative of President Huerta in this city, in a despatch from General Mercado, military governor of Chihuahua.

What remained of Villa's army of 4,000 men broke and fled under the final assault of General Castro's 4,700 troops Friday afternoon, and split into two parts, one flying southward and the other retreating to the east.

General Marcelo Caravec with his command pursued those who fled southward, overtook the fleeing rebels and forced an engagement. The harrassed rebels were again defeated with great loss.

The fate of the revolutionists who fled eastward was even more disheartening. General Joe Ynez Salazar had been sent to Conchos by Castro before Friday's assault and the fleeing rebels ran into a surprise. They suffered severely. At last reports they had swung and joined their comrades in flight southward.

General Mercado's dispatch reports the capture of many horses, arms and munitions with the taking of Santa Rosalia. In the field assault on the town Castro's army moved forward with General Caraveo and Gen. Landa on the left; General Rojas and Gen. Mancilla on the right and Castro himself on the right. The dispatch did not say how much the federals suffered in taking the town.

CHAMPIONSHIP BALL

Athletics of Philadelphia Win the First Game.

At New York, Tuesday, the Philadelphia baseball team of the American League, and the New York Giants of the National League, opened a series of seven games for the world's championship of 1913.

The Athletics won the game by a score of 9 to 4.

First President of China Is Elected

YUAN SHI KAI

YUAN FIRST PRESIDENT

He Is Elected by Chinese Parliament.

Peking, Oct. 6.—Yuan Shi Kai was today elected president of the Chinese republic for a term of five years.

He received the necessary two-thirds vote of the houses of parliament on the third ballot.

Of the 850 members of the house of representatives and senate 759 were in attendance. On the final ballot Yuan Shi Kai received 507 votes, only one more than the necessary two-thirds. Li Yuen Heng, provisional vice president, received 179 votes. The other ballots were scattered among 20 minor candidates. Li Yuen Heng, it was declared, had asserted that he would not take the nomination.

The announcement of the result was received with enthusiasm. The proceedings lasted 12 hours.

WATCHES At Unheard of Prices

Get our slashed prices on genuine Elgin and other famous watches. If you know what others ask for a 17-jewel, 20-year gold-filled genuine Elgin, for instance, compare our price of $8.98. Other grades at equally wonderful reductions. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back. Don't fail to send to-day for Special Watch and Jewelry Catalog. Mailed free.

W. & H. Walker, 4757 Herr's Island, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDUCATIONAL TEST FOR IMMIGRANTS

Committee Decides to Make Another Attempt to Pass Measure.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 3.—The ways are being greased for the enactment of legislation at the regular session of the house for the restriction of immigration of aliens into the United States.

The house immigration committee, by a vote of 7 to 2, adopted today the resolution of Representative Gardner of Massachusetts requiring the committee to give consideration and report to the house on the so-called Burnett-Dillingham bill during the present special session.

This action was taken despite the energetic protest of Representative Sabath of Chicago, who claimed the committee should not be bound by the decision of a minority. Mr. Sabath hopes there will be an exodus of congressmen from Washington, which will delay the presentation of a report to the house until the regular session.

Result of Long Contest.

The fight for and against the restriction of immigration as proposed by the Burnett-Dillingham bill has been in progress since the congressional committee, headed by Senator Dillingham of Vermont, made an investigation and advocated the application of a literacy test. This was opposed by Mr. Sabath and also by Mr. Burleson, now postmaster general and at that time a member of the house.

In spite of the struggle against the bill, it was passed at the last session and vetoed by President Taft, because he regarded the literacy test as violating a principle which it is important for the country to maintain.

The senate promptly passed the bill over the President's veto, the vote being 72 to 18. The house, however, failed to follow suit, the proposal to override the Taft veto being beaten by a vote of 213 to 114. Two-thirds of the members present in each house must support a bill if it is to become a law over the President's veto.

President Wilson has not indicated how he will regard the Burnett-Willingham bill. His only Democratic predecessor since the civil war, Grover Cleveland, vetoed a bill which sought to reduce immigration through the literacy test.

Great Rush to This Country.

During the last 10 years, 10,593,376 immigrants have entered the United States. The greatest number in any one year came in 1907, and the last fiscal year ranked second. During the 12 months ended on June 30, 1,197,892 aliens applied for and were granted admission. Of this number one-fifth were southern Italians and one-sixth were Poles. That is to say, 405,978 of the total number admitted belonged to the races which Mr. Wilson proscribed in his history.

In view of President Wilson's attitude as expressed in his "History of the American People," it is the generil belief that he will favor legislation restricting immigration. Some time ago Congressman Burnett, chairman of the house immigration committee and author of the bill, discussed the immigration situation with Mr. Wilson and found him keenly interested.

The President said he would investigate the literacy test and decide what he ought to do about it. Secretary of Labor Wilson and Secretary of Commerce Redfield both supported this test in the house.

Redfield Will Approve Bill.

Upon the passage of the bill—and Mr. Burnett has not the slightest doubt of such action—it will be referred by the President to the secretary of labor for his views. The secretary will approve it. The matter than will come up in cabinet meeting and there probably will be a battle royal between the secretaries of labor and commerce and Postmaster General Burleson.

WOULD FILL JAIL WITH SOCIALISTS

Seattle, Oct. 3.—Superior Judge John E. Humphreys yesterday sentenced 12 men and six women to the county jail for contempt of court in defying him in his decisions against Socialists. Later a consultation of other judges of the superior court was held and Thorwald Siegfred, an attorney who previously had complained to the bar association of Judge Humphreys' executive use o the writ of injunction, was requested to apply for a writ of habeas corpus for the prisoners. Siegfred applied to Judge Everett Smith for the release of Glenn Hoover, attorney for the Free Speech Defense League, and former assistant attorney general of Washington, and G. M. Hodgson, one of the signers of "resolutions of protest" against Judge Humphreys' anti-street-speaking injunctions, and they were released on their own recognizance.

Each had a short time before being sentenced to pay a $100 fine for contempt, while in addition Hoover had been "forever disbarred" by Judge Humphreys and Hodgson was sent to jail for six months. Judge Smith said he would release all the prisoners who sought freedom on writs of habeas corpus. Judge Humphreys was very angry when he heard of the consultation of his fellow judges and the release of the prisoners. He declared the right of habeas corpus did not apply in contempt cases.

The scene in Judge Humphreys' court was remarkable. The court room was jammed to suffocation and the crowd interrupted and applauded frequently. Attorney H. M. Wells, Socialist candidate for mayor at the last election, was disbarred and fined without being permitted to speak. Mrs. Humphreys, secretary of a Socialist local, was dismissed with a small fine.

Mrs. William McNally stood up with a baby in her arms. The judge said he did not wish to send a baby to jail.

"Never mind the baby," said the woman bitterly, "it is as guilty as I am." She was fined $100 and sent to jail with the baby and a little boy. The woman's husband was also fined $100 and sent to jail. Six women and two children are in the county jail tonight.

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$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid, secure territory. C. Shepard Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

$7 per 50 at home embroidering corner ladies' handkerchiefs for others. Easy spare time work. Miss E. G. Puscott, Whitefield, N. H., says: "I am pleased with what I got for amount of money." Send 25c for trial package, also lessons and advice, any distance postpaid, from Arabian Supply Co., Dept. 19, Cleveland, O.

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Agents—It's the goods; our New Idea Safety Door Chain gives absolute protection; sells for a quarter in every home, large profit. Send 20c for sample and be first in the field. Clifford Supply Co., 50 North 13th st., Philadelphia. Pa.

Agents—To sell lubricating oils, belts, hose, paint, varnish to factories, mills, creameries, garages, auto owners, stores, threshers, farmers outside large cities. Exclusive territory to right party. Experience desirable, but not absolutely necessary. Ohio Oil & Grease Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Agents—Something new. Fastest sellers and quickest repeater on earth. Permanent profitable business. Good for $50 to $75 a week. Write for particulars. American Products Co., 6730 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O

Secure exclusive agency for em-an-el vegetable toilet soap. 125% profit. Em-an-el Co. Box 965-X, Pittsburg, Pa.

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FREE FOR 6 MONTHS—MY SP... offer to introduce my magazine "INVEST FOR PROFIT." It is worth $10 a copy... one who has been getting poorer while... richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning... of money, and shows how anyone, no ma... poor, CAN acquire riches. INVESTING PROFIT is the only progressive financial... published. It shows how $100 grows to... Write NOW and I'll send it six months... H. L. Barber, 407, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., C...

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FIGHTS CORN BEETLE

Department of Agriculture Sends Out Warning.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Safeguarding the corn crops of the south and west, the experts of the department of agriculture today sent out a warning against the inroads of the southern root worm and the western corn beetle, two pests that have kept them awake nights and who have curtailed the crop output in those two great producing sections. The habits of both have just been catalogued, after a lengthy investigation by scientists in the field who virtually have slept in the rustling corn fields.

Rotation of crops is advocated as the cure for the southern visitant, whose destructive work is accomplished by working principally around the roots of the young corn. He is the more dangerous of the two and the female of his species is even more dangerous for she uses the hollow stalk of the growing corn in which to cradle her young.

The same precaution is advised in fighting the western pest which, department experts say, "is regarded as one of the easiest of pests to control under crop rotation methods." Also he is a sociable creature. "The worm is about the size of the striped cucumber beetle," according to the scientists, "has a yellowish green color and black eyes. He is most likely to be observed feeding on corn during late August or September, although they frequently enter farm houses at night, being attracted by the lamplight."

FEATURES OF INCOME TAX EXPLAINED IN THE HOUSE

Washington, Oct. 3.—Oscar Underwood, the Democratic leader, discussing in the house the tariff conference report, said: This tariff bill with its 26 per cent average is almost as low as the famous Walker tariff. The revenues under the new law will yield a surplus of $18,000,000 over estimated government expenditures in 1915. The treasury expert's figures show that the total government revenue in 1915 will be $1,026,000,000, expenditures $1,008,000,000, surplus $18,000,000." The following were cited as features of the income tax as finally agreed pon:

Graduated tax on incomes above $3,000 running from 1 to 7 per cent.

No income exemption for children, esnate amendment permitting $500 exemption each for two children being rejected.

Starting from a basic tax of 1 per cent on incomes of $3,000 to $20,000, the graduated tax runs. Two per cent over $20,000 to $50,000; 3 per cent over $50,000 to $75,000; 4 per cent over $75,000 to $100,000; 5 per cent over $100,000 to $250,000; 6 per cent over $250,000 to $500,000; 7 per cent over $500,000.

Exemption is given incomes accruing to any state, political subdivision of a state or a dependency, from public utilities or from the operation of its essential governmental functions. This feature exempts from the tax the Ne York city holdings of subway system bonds.

Non-resident aliens are liable to the tax on incomes derived from business conducted in the United States.

Incomes from holding company stock made taxable.

Congressmen must pay the tax on their salaries. Exemption is given the President's salary and salaries of state and municipal officials.

Mutual life, fire and marine insurance companies are exempt from payment of the tax on premium deposits returned to policy holders.

Tax made to run from March 1 last, computed to December 31, thereafter yearly ending December 31.

An appropriation of $1,200,000 is made to put the law into effect.

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